THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

L. XI. NO. 45. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AM OF THE CABLE.

oy's Evicted Tenants' Commis- Will Probably Pursue the sual Policy of Delay.

s Opposed to the Release of the d Dynamiters—Other Interesting News.

TED TENANTS' COMMISSION.

, Oct. 29.—The evicted tenants' on have held a private meeting ed the line of inquiry preliminy personal investigation of the of affairs on various well known The commissioners have pubequest for information on varis which seems to show that they go to the root of the matter. ng the scale of the operations it to see how their report can be in time for legislation to be en at the opening of the new ses-

THEY'LL STAY AT HOME.

lisbury and Mr. Gladstone have doned their intention of winterе continent. Lord Salisbury was gone to his new mansion at Beauhe Mediterranean, and Mr. Gladd fixed upon Cannes as the place to spend a happy Christmas.

THE UGANDA QUESTION.

remier and all his colleagues in et have come to London and the autumn cabinet councils has be- jingo party and those financterested in the fortunes of the East Africa company have conhemselves that the business of the ncil has been the further consid of the Uganda affair. This is an misapprehension. The Uganda , as far as concerns the British rica company, was concluded at pecial cabinet council held some go. The result of the decision that time was formally communi- Lord Rosebery to the company. ly was proffered to cover the ex of the additional three months' Uganda by the company's forces e specific ground of the assurance h delay would be conducive to the f human life.

ANXIOUS TO CELEBRATE.

RID, Nov. 1.—Popular feeling in d is wrought up to a high pitch of ation over the utter failure and apinability of the municipal authori- provide proper entertainment dur- Columbian celebration. Last night neral discontent found vent in a tended as a forcible reminder that ople expected and must have a for the better. The exhibition it- s opened without ceremony of any nd the authorities, both state and ipal, have shown an almost utter rence to the question of maintainе credit of Spain in connection with mmemoration of Columbus' great ry. The Spaniards have heard of eat demonstrations in America and nd their pride is touched at the of their own country to present a le worthy of the nation which sent bus on his expedition to the West. paniards are anxious to be enthusi f their rulers will give them an .

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

DON, Nov. 1.—The central chamber culture today discussed the question ding a conference of delegates from rts of the United Kingdom to dise depression in the agricultural in- . Meetings have been held at Liver ter, Manchester, Northampton, Edinburg, her centres, at which on the ques- of holding a national conference a diversity of views was shown in re- to the means to be adopted to remedy pression. The most significant vote hat taken at Northampton, where a n pledging the delegates to the conce to oppose protection was defeated ly one vote.

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR SNUBBED.

rd Rosebery, Sir William Vernon court, John Morley, and Sir George Trevelyan have declined to attend inaugural banquet of Lord Mayor .

HARCOURT OPPOSES AMNESTY.

William Vernon Harcourt, chancel- f the exchequer, who has been reed as Mr. Gladstone's deputy in the e of commons, is opposed to the re- of Dr. Gallagher, Curtin and the dynamiters convicted of offenses in t Britain. It is the general impres- in England that their chances of re are remote. The matter has been ted by the cabinet in view of the vention of the United States governt in behalf of the Irish-American oners. A majority of the members of cabinet support Sir William. It is y certain, however, that the appeal Washington will cause a relaxation he discipline to which these prisoners subjected.

PROJECTILES SHATTERED.

he government trial of the American reyed armour plate took place on rd the Admiralty's proving hulk Not- in Portsmouth harbor today. The e, which was affixed to the stern of vessel, measured eight feet by six feet inches and was ten and one-half inches p. It was attacked by a six-inch rifle ng three Holtzer and two Palliser jectiles of 100 pounds each with the al velocity adopted for Admiralty tests namely: 2,070 feet a second. All the ots were completely destroyed, being oken into small fragments. Not a single ack developed in the plate. The trial is considered by experts the most important test that has ever taken place in England and may result in the adoption of the American process of armament for British ironclads.

MURDERED BY A MADMAN.

DUBLIN, Nov. 1.—A horrible crime was committed last night in the Royal Irish Constabulary barracks at Ballinadrina, county Kildare. Constable Pilkington seized, it is supposed, with a sudden fit of insanity, entered the bedroom where Sergt. Logan and his wife were sleeping and shot them with a revolver, killing them instantly. The madman then turned to the sleeping rooms of Logan's children, and, attacking them, left them all for dead. Two were found with their heads crushed in, three fatally injured and the remaining two seriously injured. Pilkington then tried to burn the barracks, but the alarm spread, and finding himself discovered, he committed suicide.

MISCELLANEOUS

During 1891 109 515 persons emigrated from Russia to America. In 1890 the number was 85 588

A London cablegram of Oct. 31 says: An incessant rainfall for fourteen hours has steeped England in moisture and caused a flooding of the lowlands and fens of Lincoln, Essex and the midlands. In Lincolnshire people are going about from place to place in boats, and the fens present the appearance of a vast lake.

Sixty head of cattle in Elginshire, Scotland, which had come in contact with Canadian cattle suffering from pleuropneumonia, have been killed as a precautionary measure.

The British government has decided to place a powerful foghorn in the lighthouse station on the Old Head of Kinsale, on the southern coast of Ireland. This is due chiefly to the recent grounding of the Inman line steamship City of Chicago there.

The reports received from Dahomey regarding the havoc wrought by the Lebel rifles, with which the French forces operating against the Dahomeyans are armed, have created interest in experiments that English army medical officers are making on the effect of various kinds of rifle bullets on the human body. These experiments have proved that the Mannlicher, a German rifle, is the most merciful, and that it makes a clean wound. The new British magazine rifle bullet smashes bones and tears flesh at a distance of 1,000 yards. The experiments appear to disprove the theory that the greater the velocity of a bullet the less is mutilation caused by it.

THE A.O.H.

[To the *Editor*.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—Among the many societies that took part in the Columbian parade on Oct. 20, the one whose members were fewest in number was the old, respected, and powerful Ancient Order of Hibernians. The society directory, as published in THE CITIZEN, calls for some twenty divisions in the county of Cook. The society as represented in that monster parade, carried the banners of eight divisions, and in numbers appeared in what ought to be about the strength of one. This lack of interest on the part of the members in the welfare of a great society, this apathy on an occasion so well suited for public display of the strength and influence of an organization, is a puzzle to the writer.

The only benevolent society in existence on this continent which is calculated to fitly represent and serve the wants of the Catholic Irish in America is the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The only society whose principles, if thoroughly appreciated, can cement our people in a bond of union and love is this venerable order. I know of no reason why the Irish Catholics of Chicago, foreign or native born, should hold aloof from what is so closely allied with their people's progress in the United States. Its constitution, its ritual and the principles embodied in same, are worthy of support, nay, admiration. Its history in Illinois may be checkered, but the spirit of the order is strong among the members who rally around its standard and strive to live up to its motto. For some years past the constant effort has been to unite factions, and bridge over differences. The labor has met with success. A few troubled spirits still linger outside the pale, but the great common sense of a nation celebrated for their shrewdness calls for all Irishmen to ignore the few, whose personal vanity or love of notoriety, may bar the onward march of a great order. If Irishmen of Cook county would but awake to the merits of the A. O. H., if they would but inquire into its benefits and compare same with that of other benevolent societies, they would discover that of all orders existing around us the good old one, whose members in the parade wore the green, is as worthy of support, is equal in merits and certainly in a moral and patriotic sense more beneficial to the Irish Catholic. Respectfully yours, HONEFUL.

Gilmore's Band Concerts.

Gilmore's celebrated band is announced for five popular concerts at the Auditorium, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, and Tuesday and Wednesday matinees, Nov. 14 15, and 16 The band now numbers 100 musicians, and is the largest organization of the kind either in Europe or America. Miss Ida Klein, soprano, Signor Tagliapietra, baritone, and Mr. A. L. Guille, late of the Patti concert troupe, tenor, will appear in vocal selections at the concerts. The sale of seats will begin Thursday, Nov. 10. Popular prices will be charged.

The wisest course in politics is to vote for the best man, and you cannot be mistaken. So, in the use of blood-purifiers, you can't be mistaken if you take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because all parties agree that it is the best—the Superior Medicine. Try it this month.

EVERYBODY KNOWS IT.

That Is, That Columbus Discovered America—Eleanor Kirk Intimates that it is "a Chestnut."

Dr. Talmage Called to Account for His Praise of the Czar of Russia.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 31.—We ought to be aware by this time that Columbus discovered America. Personally I am very tired of Columbus, and this is somewhat discouraging in view of the Columbian Exposition which, like death and taxes, we have simply got to endure. It will sound "a trifle discrepant," as Artemus Ward used to say, to remark after this statement that I have been requested by the management to announce that those who desire to visit Chicago during the progress of this colossal show, can be accommodated with a room for one at $10 per week or two at $14, making $1 a day for two who room together. But this is the fact. Of course, if I am alive I shall go to Chicago, and if I am dead it will be Chicago's gain and my loss, or do I mean my gain and Chicago's loss? It doesn't make much difference any way. Somebody suggested that in case of my demise it might make up for a certain disappointment that I am expected to feel if I hunted up Columbus. Not much. I might inquire for Americus Vespucius, and possibly for Queen Isabella, for I think the woman has been very unfairly treated, but Christopher and I are out. I never was partial to intoxicated men, but when I heard one go next my window last night proclaiming that America discovered Columbus, I felt gratified.

But to go back. Friends who feel like engaging rooms for a week or more in Chicago during the Exposition can have all the particulars mailed them by sending to me. As most of the hotels and boarding houses are even now engaged for this occasion, it would be the part of wisdom to see to it that good sleeping and resting places are secured.

W. Williams, of Bristol, R. I., calls Dr. Talmage to account in the columns of the New York *World* for his indiscriminate praise of the Emperor who sends every Stundist to Siberia who is found reading the Bible or praying in company with other religionists. Certainly Brother Talmage cannot be ignorant in regard to these matters, for the history of the persecution of these people by the czar is known to every well-instructed child. The Tabernacle pastor was dined and wined by the "great mogul," and hence the good words. But three cheers for Bristol! There isn't a day of my life that I am not glad I was born in Raode Island.

"Do you think I could write a poem to order? Do you think I *would* write a poem to order?" Swinburne inquired of a friend the other day, who spoke to him about the probability of his being asked to fill the place made vacant by Tennyson's death. A friend remarking upon these words, observed that such a thing could hardly be expected since both law and order had been apparently left out of Swinburne's mental constitution. That may be smart but it isn't just, for if there was ever a born poet Algernon Swinburne is one. His early works are constantly urged against him, and with some justice, perhaps, but they are grand poems all the same. Genius, youthful exuberance, power that could not be restrained, ran riot in metaphor, and gave us verses that have made the narrowly judicious grieve. But Swinburne never wrote a line that was not poetic, and his later verses have been as chaste as they are inspirational.

Miss Mary Shaw has been engaged as the leading lady at the Theatre of Arts and Letters. At this theatre, plays by American authors are to be produced. These dramas will be given a trial performance, and those that please the directors and are enthusiastically received by the audience will be kept on the boards. A play by Amelia Rives, and another by Frank Stockton will be among the first presented in this unique manner.

Franklin H. Sargent, director of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, says, that he consulted with all the leading managers of New York City, and they advised him to select Miss Shaw for this high position; "and," Mr. Sargent added, "I consider this young woman the best actress we have in America today."

Mary Shaw is a great favorite with her own sex, and in this respect resembles her friend and schoolmate Miss Georgia Cayvan.

Miss Stella King, the best parlor and platform reader we have in New York at the present time, is so delighted with the appointment of Miss Shaw that she declares herself "in a state of rapture." Every woman who has ever come under the influence of Miss Shaw's charming personality, and who has brains enough to appreciate her wonderful power as an actress will be sure to echo the sentiments of Miss King.

The new steel steamers Maine and New Hampshire of the Stonington Line, the famous inside Sound route to Boston and all points east, are to be kept in commission until further notice. The rate of fare to Boston has also been reduced to $3; as the railroads charge $5, and do not guarantee a full night's rest, it demonstrates to those who are wise and wish to travel comfortably, the proper way to do so.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

AT a recent meeting of the council of the Society of the Irish Language supporters in Dublin, communications were read from Mr. Padhousky McNeil of Prague, Bohemia, Monsieur d'Abbadie of Paris, and Mr. Daniel Faherty of Celia, U.S., in connection with the old tongue. Scholars all over the world are taking a keener interest than ever in Celtic literature.

RAVENSWOOD CATHOLICS

Give a Successful Musical and Literary Entertainment for the Benefit of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

A concert of unusual merit was given in the beautiful suburban town of Ravenswood by the parishioners of the Catholic church of Our Lady of Lourdes. The lovely new church has not yet been dedicated, but work being pushed so actively, it was far enough advanced to permit of the entertainment being held there on the evening of Oct. 27. The following programme was rendered:

Piano Solo.....Selected
Mrs. Dr. Printy.
Baritone Solo.....Ave Maria—Luzzi
Mr. Frank Egan.
Song.....He Never Came Back
Master Thomas Hamel.
Recitation.....The Gladiator
F. W. Hartman.
Soprano Solo.....Selected
Miss Tessie Kelly.
Tenor Solo....My Sweetheart When a Boy.....Wilfred Morgan
Mr. John Wyane.
Song.....Ebony Rhymes
Mr. J. F. Clough.
Recitation.....Virginia
Miss Helen E. Ryan.
Baritone Solo.....Thy Sentinel Am I—Watson
Mr. D. J. Shea.
Soprano Solo.....Selected
Miss Alice McDermott.
Banjo Solo.....Mr. George Auwerda
Tenor Solo.....Selected
Mr. P. J. Garrity.
Swedish Impersonations.....Mr. Charles Kelly
Comic Song.....Mr. Walter Crowe
Specialities.....Messrs. Dessler and Hanton

The Rev. T. A. Kearns was heartily assisted by the entire parish in making the concert a success. Many non-Catholics of Ravenswood were present, and not a few familiar faces from Chicago added to the large audience Among the clergy was noticed the gifted orator, Father Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese. Mr. P. McNamee made an address in opening the programme, reviewing the short but rapid growth of the parish. He congratulated the members on the good work they had done thus far, and praised the non-Catholic friends who had so generously assisted. With much feeling the speaker referred to the pastor, the Rev. J. J. Coughlin, who was absent from the city on account of ill health.

The committee of arrangements were: Messrs. A M. McKay, T. Barrett, P. McNamee, P. Christoffel, Duncan Fishling, Robert Fishling, Harry Dawson, Thomas Dawson, and J. Basketful.

Literary Notes.

The November *Century* is the first number of the forty-fifth volume and of the twenty-third year of this magazine, which, while preserving the general characteristics which have given it vogue, is striking out freshly into new paths. Articles which strike into the midst of current discussions are "Plain Words to Workingmen," by one of them, Fred Woodrow; "Does the Bible Contain Scientific Errors?" by Prof. Charles W. Shields of Princeton; and "Some Exposition Uses of Sunday," by Bishop Potter, in further discussion of the question of opening the World's Fair for the entire week. For the Thanksgiving season there is an illustrated story by Hezekiah Butterworth, "An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving"; and verse by Richard Law Dawson, entitled "A Thanksgiving Dozen."

With the November number *St Nicholas* begins the 20th volume, and is fortunate enough to have an exquisite poem by Whittier to show at the threshold. The poet's recent death gives a tender interest to the beautiful lines:

"For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see—
That God is good sufficeth me.
Add when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth."

The *Jennes Miller Illustrated Monthly* for November gives up the first page of the issue to a handsome and lifelike picture of Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett. A sketch of the life of this entertaining woman accompanies it. Besides this there are a score of other features of interest to women and the home, stories, poetry and useful hints for young housekeepers.

The *Arena* for November closes its sixth volume with a table of contents at once strong, varied and of general interest. This review continues to grow in favor without lessening in a jot its bold assault on conventional shams and wrongs of the age. Nor does it show any sign of being less hospitable to new progressive and reformative thought. It is conspicuously fair and unquestionably the boldest review of our time. The *Arena* may be termed the Free Lance among the world's great reviews. It has never curried the favor of the rich or catered to public opinion, and yet it has behind it a record of unparalleled progress in public favor. In the November issue Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, D D., discusses "Lord Salisbury's Afghan Policy." Prof. J R. Buchanan writes ably on "The Practical Application of the New Education." Hamlin Garland contributes a paper of marked interest and value on "The West in Literature." Rev. M. J. Savage discusses in a critical manner "Psychical Research, Its Present Status and Theories." The department of "Books of the Day" contains many reviews of leading works of special interest. The *Arena* is a review which should find its way to the table of all persons who are in touch with the new thought of our times or who sympathize with reformative and progressive ideas.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

There has been now, I think, laid before the reader a complete sketch, at least in outline, of the British famine policy—expectation of government spoon-feeding at the point of police bayonets; shaking the farmers loose from their lands; employing them for a time on strictly useless public works; then disgorging them, in crowds of one hundred thousand at a time, to beg, or rob, or perish; then "out-door relief," administered in quantities altogether infinitesimal in proportion to the need; then that universal ejectment, the Quarter acre law; then the corruption of the middle class, by holding out the prize of ten thousand new government situations; then the Vagrancy Act, to make criminals of all houseless wanderers; then the "voluntary" emigration schemes; then the omnipresent police, hanging like a cloud over the houses of all "suspected persons," that is, all persons who still kept a house over their heads; then the quarantine regulations and increased fare for deck passengers to England, thus debarring the doomed race from all escape at that side, and leaving them the sole alternative, America or the grave;—this, I believe, gives something like a map or plan of the field, as laid out and surveyed for the Last Conquest.

What had become of the Repeal and our parliament in College Green? Alas! alas! the proud national aspirations that had stirred our people three years before had sunk into a dismal and despairing cry for food, or an impotent litany of execration upon our enemies. Yet the Repeal of the Union,—a parliament in College Green,—this was still as ever the sole and single remedy for all our evils: and so it was still proclaimed by the Irish Confederation and by Smith O'Brien to the very last. For this the Repeal members were taunted viciously in parliament, with complaining of everything, but having nothing to propose; "nothing but what they knew the house would not adopt," said Mr. Roebuck. Indeed, they had nothing to propose but Repeal.

This same Roebuck, making a speech in parliament during this year, in presence of Mr. O'Brien, reproached the Irish members (falsely) with only asking alms, but suggesting no practical measures of manful self-help. "I pledge my faith," said the orator, "for the people of England, that they will give their immediate assent to any proposition which has a fair and honorable regard to the real interests of Ireland." There was one loud cry of "hear!" "Ah!" continued the speaker, "the honorable member opposite, the honorable member for Limerick, says hear; and I know exactly what he means; he is going to propose Repeal; I see it in his eye." Whereupon there was "laughter" and "renewed laughter."

The Irish landlords were in dire perplexity. Many of them were good and just men; but the vast majority were fully identified in interest with the British government, and desired nothing so much as to destroy the population. They would not consent to Tenant-Right; they dared not trust themselves in Ireland without a British army. They may have felt indeed, that they were themselves both injured and insulted by the whole system of English legislation; but they would submit to anything rather than fraternize with the injured Catholic Celts. A few landlords and other gentlemen met and formed an "Irish Council;" but these were soon frightened into private life again or certain revolutionary proposals of some members, and especially by the very name of Tenant-Right. At last, about the end of this year, seeing that another season's famine was approaching, and knowing that violent counsels began to prevail among the extreme section of the national party, the landlords, in guilty and cowardly rage and fear, called on parliament for a new Coercion Act.

From this moment, all hope that the landed gentry would stand on the side of Ireland against England, utterly vanished.

In my next chapter I shall have to tell how this deadly alliance between the landlords and the government brought Irish affairs to a crisis,—how it broke up the "Confederation"—led to an attempt at insurrection—and a series of State trials—and the end of the hopeless struggle against British civilization for that time.

Before going further, however, I shall mention: *First*, that by a careful census of the agricultural produce of Ireland for this year, 1847, made by Capt. Dixcom, as a government commissioner, the total value of that produce was £44,958,120 sterling; which would have amply sustained double the entire people of the island. This return is given in detail, and agrees generally with another estimate of the same, prepared by John Martin, of Loughorn, in the County Down,—a gentleman whose name will be mentioned again in this narrative. *Second*, that at least 500,000 human beings perished this year of famine, and of famine typhus, and 200,000 more fled beyond the sea to escape famine and fever. *Third*, that the loans for relief given to the Public Works and Public Commissariat departments, to be laid out as they should think proper, and to be repaid by rates on Irish property, went in the first place to maintain 10,000 greedy officials; and that the greater part of these funds never reached the people at all, or reached them in such a way as to ruin and exterminate them.

A kind of sacred wrath took possession of a few Irishmen at this period. They could endure the horrible scene no longer, and resolved to cross the path of the British car of conquest, though it should crush them to atoms.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the summer of this year (1847) Lord Clarendon was sent over, as lord-lieutenant, to finish the Conquest of Ireland—just as Lord Mountjoy had been sent to bring to an end the wars of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and by the same means substantially—that is, by corruption of the rich and starvation of the poor. The form of procedure, indeed, was somewhat different; for English statesmen of the sixteenth century had not learned to use the weapons of "amelioration" and "political economy;" neither had they then established the policy of keeping Ireland as a store-farm to raise wealth for England. Lord Mountjoy's system, then, had somewhat of a rude character: and he could think of nothing better than sending large bodies of troops to cut down the green corn and burn the houses. In one expedition in Leinster, his biographer, Moryson, estimates that he destroyed "£10,000 worth of corn"—that is, wheat; an amount which might now be stated at £200,000 worth. In O'Cahan's country, in Ulster, as the same Moryson tells us, after a *razzia* of Mountjoy —"We have none left to give us opposition, nor of late have seen any but dead carcasses, merely starved for want of meat." So that Mountjoy could boast he had given Ireland to Elizabeth, "nothing but carcasses and ashes."

Lord Clarendon's method was more in the spirit of the nineteenth century, though his slaughters were more terrible in the end than Mountjoy's. Again there was growing upon Irish soil a noble harvest; but it had been found more economical to carry it over to England by help of free trade, than to burn it on the ground. The problem then was, as it had been the last year and the year before, how to ensure its speedy and peaceful transmission. Accordingly, Lord Clarendon came over with conciliatory speeches, and large professions of the desire of "government," now at last to say the famine. Sullen murmurs had been heard, and even open threats and urgent recommendations, that the Irish harvest must not be suffered to go another year; and there were rumors of risings to break up the roads, to pull down the bridges, in every way to stop the tracks of this fatal "commerce;" rumors, in short, of an insurrection. Some new method, then, had to be adopted to turn the thoughts and hopes of that too-credulous people once more towards the "government." Lord Clarendon recommended a tour of agricultural "lecturers," the expense to be provided for by the Royal Agricultural Society, aided by public money. The lecturers were to go upon every estate, call the people together, talk to them of the benevolent intentions of his excellency, and give them good advice. Their report was published in the following April; and irksome as are these details of one uniform and chronic misery, the due understanding of Lord Clarendon's policy will require some attention to this report.

One lecturer (one Thomas Martin) traveled in Western Mayo. He writes: "It was almost impossible to produce any impression in this wasted and neglected district." For why? The lecturer tells us—"For, from Bangor to Crossmolina, all was desolate and waste." Driving along "with the Rev. Mr. Stock, in his gig, he pointed out to me," says Martin, "a number of farm-houses in the Mullet, all deserted, and the land, too. Nothing possibly could be done there, for the tenants were gone!"

The grand object of all the lecturers was to get the people, those of them who remained, to till the land, instead of leaving it waste, to run to public works and out-door relief; for in truth it began to be feared in England that the process was going too far, and that the sister country might even be defrauded of her usual tribute, if the Irish people all became able-bodied paupers. But when Mr. Fitzgerald, another of those lecturers, urged this upon a meeting of tenants in Connemara, he tells us, "They all agreed that what I said was just; but they always had some excuse (the good for-nothing Celts!); that they could not get seed, or had nothing to live on in the meantime."

These extracts are only samples of what the lecturers did, heard and said, in all the districts. "I saw," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "whole villages of roofless houses, and all I met told me they intended to give up their land, for they had neither food nor strength to till it." A certain Mr. Goode, lecturing in Connacht, informs us that:

"The poor people here appeared to be in a most despending state; they always met me with the argument that there was no use in their working there, for they were going to be turned out in the spring, and would have their houses pulled down over them. I used to tell them that I had nothing to do with that; that I was sent among them by some kind, intelligent gentleman, barely to tell them what course to pursue."

That was all. Lord Clarendon had not sent Mr. Goode down to lecture on Tenant-Right;—what business had they to obtrude their Jacobin principles on a government lecturer? What had he to do with all that? They might as well have prated to him about the Repeal of the Union!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The Wrong Side of Fifty.

Reader, have you passed the meridian of life? Are your joints getting stiff, your muscles and sinews losing their elasticity? Are you troubled with lumbago? Are you, in short, in daily or occasional receipt of any of those admonitions which nature gives to remind people that they are growing old? If so, try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a most genial and agreeable mitigator of the infirmities of age, a rare old promotor of convalescence, and an effectual means of counteracting bodily decay. Good digestion, sound sleep, a hearty appetite, freedom from rheumatic twinges, are among the benign fruits that spring from the regular and persistent use of this superb tonic and corrective, which has received the unqualified sanction of the medical fraternity. Give it the fair trial that it deserves, and you will be grateful for this advice.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

FOR FEAR WE'D EMBARRASS THE GOVERNMENT.

Now, Gladstone is in, but we can't shout hooray
For fear we'd embarrass the government,
For silence is what is most wanted today
For fear we'd embarrass the government.
The tenants evicted, I need not observe:
They'll speedily get what, indeed, they deserve.
Meanwhile they're politely requested to starve
For fear they'd embarrass the government.

The political prisoners they're still all in jail,
That how they embarrass the government;
They ought to be out, so we swore without fail;
But they're not—they'd embarrass the government.
Through love of their country they went very far,
But I think it is time now their bolts to unbar;
Yet still, after all, they must stay where they are,
For fear they'd embarrass the government.

Now Morley is thinking, so mind you, don't speak,
For fear you'd embarrass the government;
A cock mustn't crow or a pig mustn't squeak
For fear they'd embarrass the government.
Still Morley is silent on what has occurred,
Of the promises now not a sound can be heard;
Keep silent, at least, if you can't keep your word,
Thus you will not embarrass the government.

—*Ballykooly.*

IRISH NEWS.

A sad accident occurred at Clara on the evening of Oct. 15, at the Great Southern and Western Railway station, resulting in the death of porter Patrick Brennan. It appears the deceased was engaged in shunting the night goods, after which Head-porter Nolan discovered his headless body between the rails, the head being completely severed from the body and crushed into a pulp. It is a mystery how the sad occurrence took place.

The late Mr. Wm. Barker, secretary of the Drogheda Gaslight Company, by his will left a bequest for the purchase of a splendid bell for St. Mary's new church at that place.

Mr. Patrick Clasby, Ballinagran, Cranghwell, died recently. Mr. Clasby spent a good part of his time in America. He returned to his native home about five years ago, and since then he was held in the highest esteem by the whole community. The funeral was attended by a large cortege of sympathizing friends.

The funeral obsequies of the Rev. John Fennelly, P.P., whose death, after a brief illness, occurred on Saturday evening fortnight at the parochial house, Anascerty, took place on the following Monday. The deceased, who was born at Ballingarry, county Tipperary, had reached the ripe age of 61. Fifty-one years ago he was ordained at Maynooth, where he had a most distinguished career as student, and for the past twenty eight years he filled the position of parish priest of the united parishes of Anascarty and Donohill. Among the most notable of his achievements was the erection at a cost of £6 000 of the picturesque chapel at Anascarty. Not many years ago he presented it with a magnificent white marble altar, and at his own expense he built a National school at Anascarty which cost £600, and later on at considerable expense he embellished the church at Donohill in a beautiful manner. Father Fennelly presided over the first Land League meeting held in Tipperary town in 1879 by the late Mr. Parnell. The remains were removed on Monday morning to the Anascarty church, where a requiem high mass was offered up for the repose of the soul of the deceased. The Rev. T. Fennelly, P. P., officiated as celebrant; deacon, Rev. Wm. McKeogh, P.P.; subdeacon, Rev. T. Dunn; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Dargan, C. C.; chanters, Rev. Thomas O'Dwyer, P. P., and Rev. James Ryan C. C.

The corporation of the city of Dublin have consented to permit the beautiful bust of Mr. Parnell, executed by Miss Mary Grant, to be placed in the city hall. It is a work of great artistic excellence; the likeness is striking, and they are sure that it will attract a considerable number of visitors. Miss Grant is one of the most distinguished of lady sculptors.

The Irish National Literary Society is working its way onward, and we cannot but commend its wholesome enterprise. The time, we trust, is not far distant when every town in Ireland will be provided with its reading room and lending stock. Part of the design is to foster the publication of cheap and good literature, and part to organize lectures in local districts. The plan ought to work well, especially as it has the support of excellent literary scholars, who, we have no doubt, will readily give to the people the benefit of their knowledge. It is besides an inexpensive idea in this and other of its aspects, and it is capable of vast and valuable development. The principle has been recognized in Germany long ago, and in recent years has been imitated in England by the active firm of Messrs. Cassell & Co. By a famous Leipsic book house an "Universal Library" was established, much before any such effort was conceived in these countries. It published all the classic works in the language at the cost of a few pence, and the result has been to create an intelligent reading community throughout the length and breadth of the country, and there is now no other in the world better provided with healthy intellectual enjoyment. By such means the natural processes of education have been set at work, and they have helped to inform the people in far greater degree and with more celerity than could be compassed under any special device of State. Give the people a good cheap literature, and plenty of it, and the effect will soon be apparent in the enlargement and instruction of the general mind. The new Irish Society is under excellent goverance, and every person interested in the promotion of knowledge should support it with cordiality.—*Exchange.*

A fatal accident occurred near Athboy on the night of Oct. 17, resulting in the death of two men. It appears that on the night in question two men named Connell and Rochiort, who are in the employment of Mr. Studdert, Greenanstown, were proceeding with a cartload of timber to Athboy, when by some means, probably owing to the darkness of the night, the cart was overturned, and it and the two men were precipitated into the ditch and instantly killed.

Mr. John Nolan, Shannonbridge, was taking a glass of porter after dinner recently, when he fell down dead. A coroner's inquest was held, when a verdict heart disease was returned.

The remains of Mr. William Dowling, whose death took place at his residence, Clonda kin on Thursday the 13th ult., at the age of 60, were interred at Glasnevin cemetery. The cortege was large and respectable, and was an indication of the high respect and esteem in which Mr. Dowling was held by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. The deceased was formerly treasurer of the Clondalkin Branch of the National League and a warm supporter of Mr. John Clancy during the contest in North Dublin.

The death is announced of Sir Richard Keane, Bart, of Cappoquin House, county Waterford. The deceased baronet, though comparatively speaking a young man, had been in declining health for a long time past. He is succeeded in the title by his son, now Sir John Keane.

The sudden and terrible death by revolver accident of young Mr. McDonagh, of Skahard, county Galway, caused a profound sensation throughout the district, where he was deservedly popular. At the last meeting of the Tuam board of guardians the following resolution was adopted unanimously: That we have heard with regret of the death of Martin J. McDonagh and beg to tender his respected father and other members of the family our deep sympathy.

A fatal accident occurred at Newton, county Waterford, resulting in the death of a young girl named Norah McCarthy, of Ballinamentina, near Ardmore, and the narrow escape of two other girls and her brother. The deceased and the other parties had been in Youghal and left the ferry point in a car, and on reaching Newtown the backband of the car broke, and the shafts of the car fell on the road, throwing the driver off. The horse took fright and galloped along the road, when the deceased jumped from the car, and, falling on her head, was instantly killed. The horse continued to gallop for a couple of miles, the two girls holding on to the car, until they managed to slip out at the back and fall on the road, but beyond a few bruises escaped injury.

A curious relic of a by-gone age in the shape of an old stone axe or hatchet was brought to light some days ago by a number of workmen who were engaged in making some repairs to a house belonging to Mr. M. Campbell, resident in the townland of Feehan, about a mile from Fintona, county Tyrone. The article measures six and a half inches in length, and varies from about two to three and a half inches in breadth, and is about one and a half inches thick, while in shape it somewhat resembles the modern tomahawk. Its greatest peculiarity is the entire absence of an opening into which a shaft or handle might be affixed. The present possessor, Capt. Houston, Annabog, Fintona, who is regarded as an authority on such matters, declares that the article on account of its rarity, is very valuable.

The funeral of the late Father Davis, P.P., of Baltimore, Ireland, took place on Saturday, Oct. 15, and was an imposing and impressive ceremony. Requiem high mass was celebrated in the parish church, his lordship Dr. Fitzgerald, bishop of Ross, presiding, and there being about twenty priests present. The coffin was covered with flowers, one very fine wreath being sent by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, whose agent, Mr. John Sapsford, attended the funeral. The funeral procession was of immense proportion. All the gentry for miles around were present. The fishing school boys, in their uniforms, marched, headed by their band playing Beethoven's "Dead March" and the Dead March from 'Saul." The funeral took a circular route extending about two miles, and returned to Rath Church about 3 o'clock. The interment took place on the right side of the church, the bishop being the celebrant of the last ceremony. The Rev. Father Davis from his early youth displayed talents of an exceptionally high order, which further developed as he grew into manhood, and which all through his subsequent career—but more especially in recent years—obtained for him such enviable distinction, and brought his name so prominently before the public all over the United Kingdom. Having served as a curate in the islands of Sherkin and Cape Clear, and later on in Leap, he was appointed administrator of Skibbereen, and later on of Castlehaven and Myross, from which he was promoted to the parochial charge of Baltimore and the island of Cape Clear and Sherkin some fourteen or fifteen years ago by the present revered and venerated bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald. On taking charge of the parish he found it a decaying, miserable, neglected, and tottering hamlet. Father Davis used his influence with the Baroness Burdett Coutts in getting the necessary funds from her to procure boats and fishing gear for his people. That generous lady advanced from time to time some £12 000 on the personal security of Father Davis. The result is that Baltimore and its islands are today transformed into busy and prosperous scenes, with a fleet of some 100 of the finest fishing craft in the kingdom. Father Davis was the founder and promoter of that noble structure, the Piscatorial Industrial School, where a couple of hundred boys are at present receiving a sound education and technical training to prepare them for after life. It was owing to his great exertions and perseverance that the present line of railway extension to Baltimore was procured. Like his distinguished brother, Eugene Davis, ("Owen Roe"), he was a man of high literary attainments. He published a splendid volume of the sermons and lectures of the Rev. M. B. Buckley, of Cork, and commenced a history of Cape Clear during his curacy there, over thirty years ago. In his death the country has sustained a national loss. As a member of the congested districts board he paid the greatest attention to its working all over Ireland.

Mr James O'Connor, manager of the Tralee National bank, died very suddenly Oct. 17 The deceased, who occupied the position of manager of the Tralee branch for twenty eight years, had been altogether over fifty-six years in the service of the National bank, being one of its earliest officers. He was, though about 75 years old, a man of splendid physique and of excellent health until recently, and even that morning was coming down to the office when he was taken suddenly ill and fell apparently dead.

There is a serious outbreak of fever at Kilmacow. There are now twenty cases of fever in the city hospital, an increase of nineteen over the number in hospital at the same date last year.

The following deaths have occured in Ireland recently: Charles G. O'Ferrell, Dalystown, Loughrea, county Galway; Miss Lizzie Cleary, daugeter of the late Matthew Cleary, Newtown, county Kilkenny, aged 25; Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Main street, Ballinasloe; James Hogan, Newtown. Nenagh, aged 54; Julia O'Sullivan, daughter of James O'Sullivan, Bonagher, aged 17; Mary, daughter of Michael Moran, Birr; Catherine Hammill, at Newtown Drogheda; James Maguire, Francis street, Drogheda, aged 68; Janie, daughter of Terrence O'Neill, Aan bourne, county Meath.

An interesting ceremony occurred in Derry on the 10 inst. At the Long Tower Catholic church an infant belonging to the nomadic troupe, known as "the Turkish tribe," now staying in Derry, was baptized. The strangers were attired in their native dress, and when leaving the church the sponsors walked in front, carrying the baby across their arms, and the father of the child walked in the rear with the rest of the tribe scattering sweets and other small luxuries to a crowd that followed them. On reaching the house the child was placed on a splendid mat, and the members of the tribe stood around it "offering thanks to their Maker for sending it to them."

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN].

"Tá me buidheach de d'ondir," ar Goillis, agus choisg an t-sideog an teine, agus b éigin do'n Pápa suidhe sios agus párdún iomlán agriobhadh do'n t-sagart, agus a sheas-áit thabhairt air sás dó; agus nuair bhi se réidh agriobhtha aige, chuir se a ainm faoi air an bpápeur, agus chuir se i láimh Ghoillis é.

"Go raibh maith ag d' ondir," ar Goillis, "ni thiocfaidh me go bráth arís ann so chugad, agus beannacht leat."

"Ná tar," ar san Pápa, "o á thig tá béidh teine réidh rómhad, agus ni imteochaidh tú naimh chómh foras sin arís. Béidh tú druidte suas i bpriosún agus ni tiucfaidh tú amach as go bráth."

"Ná biodh eagla ort, ni tiucfaidh me ann arís," ar Goillis, agus ani dfhonn se nios mó do ráth do labhair an t-Sidheog cupla focal, agus rug se air láimh Ghoillis arís, agus amach leo. Fuair Goillis é féin ameasg na sidheog eile agus a chapall ag fanamhaint leis.

"Nois, a Ghoillis," ar siad, "is mór an beandh chuir tú orraino, agus an oiread sin deitár' orrainn, acht tar uait anois agus ná cuir rómhat a leitheid de chleas a dheunamh arís, mar nach bhfanfamaoidne leat." "Tá me sásta," ar Goillis "agus tá me buidheach dhibh, acht innis dam cá bhfuilmid le dul anois."

"Támaoid le dul chum páláis Righ na Fraince," ar siad, "agus má thig linn air bith, támaoid le fuadach a inghine linn." Dubhairt uile fear acu an focal, "Eirigh, a chapall," an sin, agus thoisigh na capla ag léim agus ag rith agus ag prompáil. An ghaoth fhuar gheimbridh do bhi rómpa do rug siadh uirri, agus an ghaoth do bhi 'nna ndiaigh ni rug si orra-san, agus mior stad siad de'n rása sin no go raibh siad chomh fada le páláis Righ na Fraince.

Thainig siad anuas á á geaplaibh ahn sin, agus dubhairt fear acu focal bár thuig Goillis, agus air an mómid bhi siad uile tóatha suas, agus fuair Goillis é féin agus a comráidigh annsan bpálás. Bhi fleadh (fésta) mór 'ná chathadh acu ann sin agus ni raibh fear-uasal na duine mór aonsan rioghacht nach raibh eruinnighthe leo ónle ann sin roimhe, agus bhi siad gleusta amach le sioda agus sról, le h-ór agus le h-airgiod, agus do bhi an oidhche chomh geal leis an lá annsan áit sin leis an méid coinnioll agus lampa do bhi lasta ann; agus nior fheud Goillis an t-ambare breágh soilleasach do sheasamh agus dbruid sé a dhá rúll.

Nuair d' fhosgail se arís iad ann sin, agus nuair dheard se uaidh, shaoil se nach bhfaca se aon rud ariamh chomh breágh leis an méad a chonnaire se. Bhi seod bord leagtha amach agus a lán bidh agus dighe air gach bord acu, feoil agus cáeaidh agus milseoga, agus fion agus lionn agus gach deoch d'a bhfaca duine ariamh.

Bhi na fir-ceoil ag dá cheann na h-alla sin, agus iad ag deunamh an cheoil bubh mhise do chualaidh cluas duine riamh, agus bhi tuilleadh daoine, más óga agus ógánaigh galánta i lár na h-alla sin, ag damhsa agus ag deunamh riogos, agus ag dul thart chomh luath agus chomh h-eadtrom sin gur chuir se 'suarán' i g-ceann Ghoillis le bheith ag dearcadh. Bhi tuilleadh agus ag deanamh cleasa, agus tuilleadh ag deanamh grinn agus gáire, mar nach raibh a leitheid de fheusta ann-sa bh-Fraince le fiche bliadhain a'n do bhi an lá sin, mar nach raibh aon chlann beo ag an t-sean righ acht an t-aon inghean amháin, agus bhi sí le bheith pósta le mac righ eile an oidhche sin. Tri lá bhi an feusta 'ná chathadh agus bhi sí le bheith pósta an triombadh oidhche, agus budh h-í sin an oidhche a tháinig Goillis agus na Sidheoga ag súil leis an inghean óg d' iomchar leo dá bhfeudfadh siad.

Bhi Goillis agus a chomráidigh 'nn a seasamh le chéile ag ceann na h-alla 'n áit a raibh altóir bhreagh ghleusta, agus dhá easpog sir a cúl, ag lanamhaint le posadh an chéilin nuair bhéidheadh an t-am ceart ann. Nior fheud duine air bith na Sidheoga d' fheiresint mar dubhairt siad focal nuair tháinig siad asteach a rinne dofheicsint iad, amhail agus nach raibh siad ann air chor air bith.

"Innis dam, cia aca inghean an Righ?" ar Goillis, nuair bhi se 'g eirighe rud beag cleschthach leis an toran, agus leis an t-solas. "Nach bhfeicidh tu uait ann sin í," ar san fear beag, a bhi ag deanamh caint' leis. Dheare Goillis mar a shin an fear beag a mheur, agus ann sin chonnaire re an digbheán budh bhreágh agus budh deise, dar leis, air dhruim na talmhan. Bhi an rós agus an lile ag troid le chéile ann a h-eudan, agus ni bheidheadh faice ag duine cia aca fuair an bhuaidh. Bhi a righthe agus a lámha mar an sal, bhi a beul chomh dearg le sugh-talmhan agus é apuidh, bhi a cos chomh beag agus chomh h-eudtrom le láimh duine eile, bhi a eruth mín agus seang, agus bhi a gruag ag tuitim anuas á á ceann 'nna mbóclaibh óir. Bhi a culaidh agus a caróg fighte le h-ór agus le h-airgiod, agus an chioch gheal do bhi 'san bhfáine air a meur do bhi sí chomh soilleasach leis an ngréin.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison Kansas City, Houston and all points west northwest and southwest.

Will You Go East This Fall?

If so it will be to your interest to fully acquaint yourself with the excellent train service now in effect between Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points, via the "Lake Shore Route." Through trains leave Chicago at 5:00 and 10:30 a. m., 3:10, 5:30, 7:45 and 11:30 p. m. The "Chicago and Boston Special" (10:30 a. m.) is the only complete train from Chicago through to New England. It has dining car serving meals the entire distance, is itself an excellent feature, and the equipment of the train throughout is of the very highest standard. The Chicago and New York Limited (5:30 p. m.) embodies all that is modern and novel in railway transport and has very appropriately been called "a perfect train." F. M. BYRON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Clark st., O. K. WILDER, W. P. A., Chicago.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

The Great North-West.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

The Gaelic Class.

The Gaelic Class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 2 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

The death is announced of Mr. Patrick Buggy, at his residence, No. 11 St Joseph's avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin, late of Drogheda.

One in seven of all deaths comes from Consumption. That's about the proportion. And almost every death from Consumption comes from neglect and delay. There's neglect in preventing the disease—delay in curing it.

You can prevent it—and cure it, if you'll act in time, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Poor and impure blood makes you an easy victim—a scrofulous condition of the system invites it.

You must reach the disease through the blood, and the "Discovery" does it. It's the most potent and effective blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. The scrofulous affection of the lungs that's called Consumption, and every form of scrofula and blood-taints, all yield to it. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it's an unequaled remedy.

And it's the *only* one that's *guaranteed* to do what is claimed for it. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $18.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $12.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 41, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.75.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch.—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

RUIN IN MILWAUKEE.

The Wisconsin City Swept by a Conflagration.

ACCOMPANIED BY LOSS OF LIFE.

Property Valued at $7,000,000 Licked Up by Flames Fanned by a Gale.

One-Half of the Third Ward Burned Away, Leaving 3,000 People Destitute of Homes—The Fire Department Scattered About the City Attending to Small Blazes When the Great Fire Broke Out—Hospitals Crowded with Sufferers—Scenes and Incidents of the Conflagration.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 31.—Morning broke on a scene of desolation such as the Cream City has never before witnessed during its corporate existence. Twenty blocks Friday covered with magnificent buildings devoted to manufacture, trade and commerce were Saturday a mass of smoldering ruins; and where 300 residences, the homes of 3,000 people, stood, there was nothing save piles of blackened bricks and smoking rafters. The loss

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

in money will probably not exceed $7,000,000, on which there is about $2,500,000 insurance; but the collateral damages, the immense shock to business and the inconvenience and positive suffering entailed upon residents and business men, cannot be computed. Every effort will be made, however, to relieve distress, and even while the conflagration was at its height P. Bacon, president of the chamber of commerce, issued a call for a meeting of citizens of Milwaukee at the chamber of commerce at 9 o'clock Saturday morning to take measures for the relief of the people left homeless and destitute by the fire.

Hundreds of Families Destitute.

The call was not addressed to the members of the chamber of commerce only, but to all citizens who wished to join in this work of imminent necessity. Hundreds of families are left shelterless and with nothing but the clothing worn when they fled from the swift pursuit of the devastating flames. The Germania society also held a meeting and decided to turn over all the money received at its fair next week to the citizen's committee to be used for the benefit of the fire sufferers. Mayor Somers said Saturday morning: "At least one half of the Third ward is burned away, and I think that fully 3,000 people are homeless. The loss can not be estimated. We are especially thankful to the cities of Chicago, Kenosha, Racine and Oshkosh for their prompt aid in sending fire apparatus. The citizens will organize a relief committee at once."

The history of the fire, great as it was, may be briefly recounted as follows: There were several alarms during the afternoon for fires, all of them the result of the heavy gale of wind that sprang up shortly before noon and increased until at 5 o'clock it reached a velocity of about fifty miles an hour.

Fire Department Scattered.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock there were five alarms, and the fire department, including the fire tug, was scattered in various parts of the city, when shortly before 6 o'clock an alarm was sent in from the box at the corner of Detroit and East Water streets. It was for a fire in the Union Oil company's store at 275 East Water street, situated on the west side of the street about midway between Detroit and Buffalo streets, the rear of the store being on the river. The fire originated from an explosion of something in the cellar. Fed by the inflammable stock it soon spread through the three upper floors. It was ten minutes before the first fire engine, coming from a smaller fire some distance away, had reached the scene and by that time the entire building was in flames. From this point the flames spread until the lower part of the Third ward was burned over, causing a loss of nearly $7,000,000. The insurance is estimated at $2,500,000. At least 3,000 people are homeless. At 2:40 Saturday morning it was announced that the fire was under control, having burned over about twenty squares, destroying about fifty stores and factories and about 500 residences.

The Loss of Life.

Notwithstanding the marvelous rapidity with which the fire spread, and the numerous falls of brick walls the injuries and loss of life were surprisingly small, and it is believed that not more than four or five persons lost their lives, although the removal of the debris may disclose other victims. Those known to be killed are: Henry Pruddenbuck and Charles Stahr, firemen; Mrs. Callahan, a widow, and an unknown woman, who was suffocated by smoke. There are many persons at the Emergency hospital. Two of these are seriously injured and may die. There was so much confusion and excitement that no one seemed to go to the morgue or hospitals to seek for injured friends. So many school houses were called into use as temporary hospitals, and many injured people are at St. Mary's hospital. It is in the suburbs north of the city on the lake front and the telephone connection has been destroyed. There are none at St. Joseph's hospital. At the Emergency hospital on Jackson and Oneida streets there is the greatest suffering. Wives and daughters are there nursing husbands and fathers and brothers, and the little house is filled with the groans of the sufferers. Out on the walk a score of people are standing shivering in the cold and waiting for a first glimpse at every new arrival.

Estimate of the Losses.

The following is the estimate of the losses on the business houses. The insurance is said to be about half the amount. Bud & Kip, furniture, $300,000; J. E. Patton & Co., oils and paints, $250,000; J. P. Kissenger, wholesale liquors, $5,000; Milwaukee Mirror works, $50,000; B. Leidersdorf, tobacco, $50,000; Rob Peckham & Co., wholesale grocers, $100; H. Sheftels & Co., wholesale grocer, $20,000; J. Wellauer & Co., who. sale grocers, $300,000; Milwaukee Char company, $250,000; H. Reidelberg & Co., vinegar works, $200,000, Hansen Malting Co., $600,000; Milwaukee Gas works, $500,000; Johnson Cracker works (old), $50,000; Union Oil Co., $50,000; Bloches & Co., wines, $50,000; National distilling, $50,000; E. H. Dahmeir & Co., drugs, $150,000; Weisel & Vilter, machinery, $100,000; Toepfer & Son, machinery, $40,000; Bayley & Son, machinery, $50,000; Inbush Bros., wholesale grocers, $250,000; Fernekes & Bros., confectionery, $75,000; Delorme & Quentin, toilet soaps, $35,000; Milwaukee Bag company, $50,000; A. J. Hilbert & Co., flavoring extracts, $40,000; Northwestern freight houses, cars and contents, $500,000; Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western freight houses, $50,000; McLanden hotel, $50,000; Pfluger & Co., confectionery, $25,000; Sauer & Co., glove manufacturers, $10,000; fifty small business houses, $50,000; five hundred dwelling houses, cottages, barns, etc., $500,000.

CONSIGNED TO EARTH.

Funeral Services Over the Remains of Mrs. President Harrison.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 29.—The funeral train bearing the remains of Mrs. Harrison, who died in Washington at 1:40 Tuesday morning, steamed into the station at 9:30 Friday morning. President Harrison and the rest of the party from Washington alighted and at once took carriages to the First Presbyterian church, preceded by the casket of the dead. The whole city was draped in mourning and was business generally suspended. The Grand Army posts of the city turned out and formed a line on either side of the streets through which the cortege passed.

Services at the Church.

Arrived at the church the mourners were seated and the casket placed in front of the pulpit. Rev. Dr. Haines delivered a touching invocatian, followed by the funeral service, in which he eulogized the dead and attempted to comfort the bereaved relatives. "Lead, Kindly Light," and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," Mrs. Harrison's favorite hymns, were sung, and the casket was borne to the hearse and the march to Crown Hill cemetery was begun. Arriving there, brief services were held and the remains of Mrs. Harrison were lowered into the grave. The president's grief was pitiable to see. After the ceremonies the presidential party returned to the city, and at 5:30 boarded the return train to Washington.

BLEW OFF THE STEAM FUNNEL.

Fatal Accident on a Steamer on the Potomac River.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The steam funnel of the steamboat Wakefield, belonging to the Potomac River Steamboat company, blew off and killed three men, possibly four, and more or less seriously injured three others. The boat was on her return trip to Washington and when off Maryland point, about fifty miles down the river, the accident happened. Alexander Tolman and James Johnson, colored firemen, were instantly killed by flying fragments, and William Clark, a colored bootblack, was blown off the boat by the shock and drowned.

One Colored Man Missing.

Another colored man is still missing and it is feared that he met the fate of the bootblack. E. L. Germond, white, an assistant engineer, was badly bruised about the head and arms. William M. Motley and William Carney, colored deckhands, were badly scalded and otherwise injured. The Wakefield was only slightly damaged.

Ex-Governor Ireland and His Goat.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 1.—A dispatch from Sequin states that ex-Governor John Ireland has been prevented from entering the state campaign in behalf of Hogg on account of injuries received from a vicious billy goat. The bearded animal was kept in a pasture adjoining the governor's home. A few mornings ago Mr. Ireland was crossing the pasture in his usual dignified style when the goat struck him with force from behind. The Texas statesman was knocked down and again bunted several times. He made vain endeavors to ward off the blows with his feet, but was not successful in doing so. He was rescued by neighbors and taken home, where he has remained ever since.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.

DENVER, Oct. 31.—So great was the attendance at the W. C. T. U. convention Saturday morning that it was again necessary to hold an overflow meeting at Unity church. At Trinity church were 5,000 in attendance. The regular programme was rendered. At the second meeting interesting addresses were delivered which were of a nature to imbue the large audience with the importance of the temperance work and the great strides already taken by the laborers in that direction. Miss Francis Willard called the convention to order shortly after 9 o'clock. The devotional exercises were opened by Mrs. Elizabeth Grier Hibben of Illinois.

Closed Up the Church.

CANTON, Minn., Nov. 1.—The Church of the Assumption, where the miraculous window had effected so many cures, has been closed by order of a church committee. No reason is assigned save that Bishop Cotter of Winona, in whose diocese the church is, has ordered the pastor to absent himself and do his best to keep cripples away. The window has been a godsend to the merchants of this city, who have experienced a great revival in trade, but this will now be lost. A petition numerously signed has been sent to Bishop Cotter asking a revocation of the order.

Ran Down by a Steamer.

LONG LLAND CITY, N. Y., Nov. 1.—A big sound steamer, the Puritan, while passing through Hell Gate Sunday night ran down and capsized a party of four men in a boat. Three of the occupants, Daniel O'Brien of 69 Mercer street, New York; Patrick Burke, employed in The Herald press room and residing at 71 Jay street, Brooklyn, and Jacob Munster of 111 Forsythe street, were rescued. Samuel Wingham, the fourth man, was drowned. The other three men were rescued with the greatest difficulty by boats which put out from the Astoria shore.

Wasn't What They Were There For.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—A dispatch from Rome to The Chronicle says: "A wealthy British subject named Edwards, who was recently attacked at Catanisetta, Sicily, by a band of brigands, succeeded in putting to rout the whole band. Edwards was armed with a rifle and fired on his assailants, making such a determined resistance that they fled. Gendarmes have been sent in pursuit of the robbers."

ROW AT THE MEETING.

An Exciting Time in the Spurgeon Tabernacle.

"FIRING OUT" AN IMMERSIONIST.

The Rev. Dr. Pierson's First Appearance in His Pastoral Capacity Precipitates a Lively Uproar—A Violent Struggle in Which Seats Were Upset and People Thrown to the Floor—The Disturber Finally Thrown Out.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The Rev. Dr. Pierson of Philadelphia presided over an uproarious prayer meeting at Spurgeon's tabernacle Monday evening. This was Dr. Pierson's first appearance in his pastoral capacity since his return from the states, and at first there was every prospect that he would be cordially received. Numerous

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

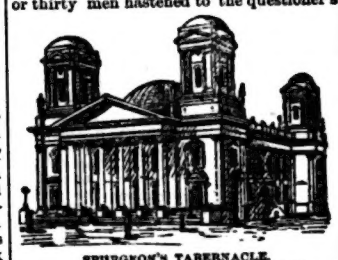
church officials shook hands with him before the services began, and when he stepped forward to open the meeting many worshipers applauded him. There were slight symptoms of dissent from rear of the room, however, to indicate that the partisans of James Spurgeon and Thomas Spurgeon had not left the meeting entirely in the hands of the Piersonites.

Wanted to Know.

While Dr. Pierson read the Bible and prayed all was quiet, but no sooner was the hymn after the Scriptural reading finished than an adherent of Thomas Spurgeon rose and calling out: "Dr. Pierson, like many other members, I would like to know whether you are a believer in baptism by immersion?" A woman next to the questioner and evidently his wife tried to pull him down to his seat, but he stood his ground and waited for Dr. Pierson's answer. Dr. Pierson's questioner raised his voice and began to repeat his inquiry. Men in all parts of the room shouted protests against his conduct and those near him endeavored to pacify him. In the confusion a woman stepped out into the aisle and in shrill tones begged the malcontent to withdraw his inquiry and let the meeting proceed.

Received with Approval.

This proposal was received with the approval of everybody except a small body of Spurgeonites. By this time the questioner had shaken off his wife and several other advisers who had interrupted him and he again called for Dr. Pierson's convictions as to immersion. Dr. Pierson had no opportunity to answer, however, for an uproar followed immediately. Twenty or thirty men hastened to the questioner's



SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

seat amid cries of "Put him out," "Leave the meeting," "You're no Christian," etc. Several men who had started to eject the immersionist ordered him out of the building. He answered that he had as good a right to remain there as any member and he was ready to defend it. Two men seized him by the arms and half a dozen more pushed and pulled until they got him into the aisle. There the immersionist made a stand, braced himself and partially freed himself with a violent struggle in which two members were thrown down on their knees and three seats were upset.

Bounced the Immersionist.

The Spurgeonites shouted "Shame," and one of them, a middle aged woman, caught an antagonist of the immersionist by the arm and screamed at him: "Are you a Christian? Do you know how dreadful it is for Christians to behave like this." During the last struggle the immersionist lost his wind and he was unable to longer obey the exhortation of his friends that he should stick to his rights. He was shoved down the aisle, thrust out, and the door was closed behind him. Many women were sobbing hysterically when the struggle was ended, and some time passed before perfect quiet was restored. Dr. Pierson, who was flushed and nervous while the immersionist was being ejected, recovered his self-possession partly and began an address concerning his plans for the next ten months. He said that he meant to make hot work for the devil in the tabernacle this winter.

Minister Washburn Resigns.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 1.—Hon. John D. Washburn of this city, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Switzerland, has sent in his resignation to the president, dating his letter Oct. 29. This is in accordance with a determination expressed some time ago when he asked for a leave of absence and returned to this country. He was appointed to the post March 11, 1889. His reasons for resigning are of a business nature.

Struck by a Fast Express.

CORNING, N. Y., Nov. 1.—Charles H. Sanford, a traveling salesman for an Elmira firm, stepped our of the way of a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western freight train and was struck by the fast express train, No. 4, and instantly killed. His body was horribly mangled.

Minister Sentenced to Prison.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Nov. 1.—George Gentle, a heretofore popular young minister of Washingtonville, was Monday sentenced in the common pleas court at New Lisbon to seven years in the penitentiary upon conviction of attempted assault upon a 10-year-old girl.

AFFAIRS AT HOMESTEAD.

Talk of Again Consolidating the Militia at the Town.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 1.—The unsettled condition of affairs at Homestead is again receiving the attention of the state military authorities, and there is serious talk of again consolidating the militia there. It was credibly reported Monday that the governor's attention had been called to the many recent assaults upon workmen there since the troops left. Dr. Foster, whose son was recently so severely assaulted there, wrote the governor that troops are necessary. The governor referred the matter to the proper military authorities for investigation. As a result Major Hartranft of Major General Snowden's staff is now in Homestead quietly watching the progress of affairs there. He has been thus engaged since Sunday.

Major Hartranft Will Report.

General Snowden is in Pittsburg, where he attended the Iams trial, but it is generally believed that he, too, is here in regard to the Homestead disturbances. General Snowden, General Wylie, Colonel McKibbin and Colonel Hawkins held a conference at the Duquesne club Monday. They refused to state what they were considering. General Snowden said he had come to Pittsburg to witness the trial of Colonel Streator and others charged with assaulting Private Iams. Major Hartranft, however, said that he was going to Homestead to investigate the conditions there. He also stated the military authorities were fearful that it would yet be necessary to again order the troops there. Major Hartranft's report will be made to General Snowden and will then be transmitted to the governor for action.

FIREBUG AT CLEVELAND.

Attempts to Burn the Star Theatre and Atwater Block.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 1.—About 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning a well-dressed young man entered the Star theatre. The stranger went up the stairway leading to the billroom where all the theatre advertising is piled. He had hardly gotten out of the building when smoke commenced pouring into the auditorium. The flames had already gotten too much headway to be extinguished by the apparatus at hand. The room was a tinderbox and the combustible material fed the flames.

Probably the Same Man.

Quick response of the fire department, however, prevented much spread of the flames and they were extinguished with small loss. At noon another fire was discovered in the cupola of the Atwater block, corner of Superior and Water streets, but was also extinguished without loss. The elevator boy saw a man go up a few minutes before. He answered the discription of the man who fired the theatre.

Blaine to Write Another Book.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—James G. Blaine has in contemplation a labor which will probably take him two years to complete. He intends to write another book. As yet Mr. Blaine has been unable to decide between a second edition of "Twenty Years of Congress" and a book to be entitled "Memoirs of James G. Blaine." The former would be largely supplemental to his "Twenty Years of Congress," and would not tell much of Mr. Blaine himself, while the other would. Mr. Blaine has given much thought to this subject, and will commence his labors within a very short time.

The Killing of Broderick.

BUFFALO, Nov. 1.—Adjutant General Porter of the State National guard, arrived here Tuesday morning with the official report made to General Doyle by Major Bartlett of the Twenty-second regiment (New York) regarding the killing of Michael Broderick by a detail of the regiment during the recent switchmen's strike. General Porter went before the grand jury and presented the report, It shows that the soldier who killed young Broderick fired on his own responsibility and that no order to load or fire was given, but it states that the name of the soldier is unknown.

Four Little Children Cremated.

ALEXANDRIA, Ont., Nov. 1.—Mrs. Merrier, living near this place, went to a neighbor's house, leaving four children in her house. In a short time fire was discovered in the house and men rushed to the rescue. The flames had gained too much headway, however, and the four babies, aged 1½, 2½, 4, and 6 years, respectively, were burned to death and their bodies reduced almost to ashes. The mother was with difficulty restrained from rushing into the burning building. It is feared that she will lose her reason.

Broke Out of Jail.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 1.—James W. Lee, the colored convict who attempted to break jail here last Friday, succeeded in doing it about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, making his way out through a hole he had made in the roof. He was confined in one of the upper cells and in some manner he smuggled several pieces of stovewood to his cell. The officials in all the surrounding towns have been notified and the entire county is being scouted for him.

Lived the Life of a Tramp.

WILKESBARRE, Nov. 1.—Women and wine caused Bank Clerk Charles Voight to steal $3,000 from the Wilkesbarre Savings bank. He escaped and has been at large a year, but Monday he was arrested in Elmira. He had been living the life of a tramp and traveling over the whole country to escape the detectives. He comes from a wealthy family.

Fire Extinguished with Cider.

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 1.—In the absence of water, due to the long drought, barrels of cider were used in extinguishing the burning house of George Craft, on Baker's summit, near this city. A bucket line was formed between the cider barrels and the blazing roof. Three barrels of No. 1 cider did the business and quenched the flames.

Old Lady Burned to Death.

BATESVILLE, Ind., Nov. 1.—Mrs. Hanna Andrews, aged 73 years, was burned to death in her house near here. In her enfeebled condition the old lady got too near the fire when her clothing ignited and she died in a few minutes. The fire was extinguished by neighbors before much damage was done to the house.

Branches of the Iron Hall at Binghamton, N. Y., have decided to stand by Somerby and do all they can to perpetuate the order.

Officer Payne of Bedford, Ind., has reached that place from New Orleans, having in custody Doss Moore, who is charged with the murder of Henry Tow at Mitchell, Ind., of which place Moore was marshal when Tow was shot.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

W. M. Conway, a daring English mountaineer, has succeeded in climbing to the top of one of the peaks of the Hindu Kush range, on the borders of Kashmir, to the height of 23,000 feet.

Senator Stanford says that he proposes to spend all his property before he dies, and the California university will be the recipient of his generous arrangements.

George B. McClellan, nominated by Tammany hall for president of the board of aldermen of New York, is the only son of General McClellan, and was born in Germany while his parents were abroad at the close of the war.

The will of the late Lothair Bucher, Prince Bismarck's friend and companion, directs that all his papers bearing upon state and foreign affairs be handed over to the prince. The collection is believed to be valuable.

The bazar of the Ancient Order of Hiberians at Grand Rapids, Mich., is not a success, owing to the opposition of Bishop Richter.

The Paris prefect of police has sent £50 to London to be distributed as a reward among the captors of the anarchist Francois.

J. Hazleton Cooke, Jr., a lawyer of Clinton, Conn., has brought suit against L. B. Morris of New Haven, executor of the will of the late Daniel Hand of Guilford, the millionaire philanthropist. Mr. Cooke claims that he tutored a nephew of Hand's and the latter promised to remember him in his will and failed to do so.

Family trouble caused Charles Martin to kill himself at Lexington, Ky.

Alfred Swift, aged 16, tried to commit suicide in the Bordentown, N. J., church yard.

The United States steamer Newark has sailed from Gibraltar for Genoa for the purpose of allowing several of the seamen aboard of her to testify at the trial of the restaurant keeper who on Sept. 9 last stabbed and killed Frank Reilly, one of the crew of the Newark.

Edward Oliver, owner of a grain elevator at Wetzel, Ills., was crushed to death by the machinery.

The deficit of $180,000,000 roubles in the Russian budget of 1891 has been covered with specie withdrawn from the treasury.

* * *

Fred Pruse's barn and tank house at Des Plaines, Ill., were burned.

The remains of Emil Dreier of Chicago have been cremated at Fresh Pond, L. I.

The Indiana supreme court has declared unconstitutional the registration law.

Ex-President Cleveland has been elected an honorary member of the Ragged Island Gunning association of Norfolk, of which club President Harrison is also a member.

The machine shops of the Indiana Bicycle company at Indianapolis were burned. Loss, $30,000.

John I. Davenport was appointed chief superintendent of elections in New York twenty years ago. Horace Greeley recommended his appointment. Davenport was at that time a reporter on the New York Tribune.

Ferdinand DeSoto, it is said, was buried in a tree trunk, which was sunk in the Mississippi river in 1542.

Herbert Gardner, president of the British board of agriculture, in replying to a deputation which waited on him, refused to repeal the prohibition against the importation of live cattle.

Suit has been filed in the circuit court at Indianapolis to set aside the will of the late James H. Rice. The complaint alleges that the will was not executed by Mr. Rice and that even if it should be proven genuine the testator at the time of its execution was not in a condition to make a will.

Henry Overbeck, a farmer near Beatrice, Neb., was probably fatally injured during a quarrel with William Meyer and August Schlessinger over the ownership of a piece of land.

A train on the Baltimore and Ohio broke in two at Bremen, Ind., derailing four cars and blocking the road for three hours.

* * *

David A. McCabe, employed at Shelbyville, Ind., by Chris Campbell, has eloped with the latter's wife. They started for Chicago.

Gertie, 4-year-old child of William Wurns, at Crowisland, Mich., died from the effects of burns received while playing with matches.

Dick Robinson, the negro lover of Johanna Schollman, at Sedalia, Mo., has confessed that he murdered her.

The Empress Frederick is hard at work on a memoir of her husband. In this labor of love she is aided by her son, Emperor William, and by Queen Victoria, whom she is to visit in England very soon.

Mrs. Poingdestre, a Jersey lady, has just completed her 100th year. One of her sons is 72. She writes clearly without glasses, has a good memory for past events and can join in singing.

Mrs. Williams of Beardstown, Ills., committed suicide by taking morphine.

An attempt was made to wreck the Illinois Central train bearing Governor Foster of Louisiana near New Orleans. Fortunately the engine pushed aside a bar of iron which had been placed on the track.

Rev. Ng. Poore Chew, a native Chinaman 36 years old and a graduate of the San Francisco Theological seminary has been ordained a minister in the Presbyterian church.

Whitelaw Reid is an Episcopalian and Mrs. Reid a Presbyterian and they go together alternately to their respective churches.

Chris Schaekel, an employe in the shops of the Big Four railroad, was shot and mortally wounded at Indianapolis by William Cobler, a fellow employe. The men had had a quarrel.

Nearly all the business men of Rockford, Ills., have agreed to take part in the big trades display arranged for Nov. 2.

A Logansport, Ind., meat dealer was swindled out of $500 through a fake sprinting race.

It was decided by Judge Brown of Indianapolis at the hearing of the Rice will case, that wills must be proved in open court, instead of before the probate clerk, as has heretofore been done.

Miss Anna Griffin an insane woman, was arrested at St. John's church, Indianapolis, where she had gone, arrayed as a bride, to demand that the pastor, the Rev. Father Gaverick, marry her.

John Cummings of Woburn, president of the Shawmut National bank, Boston, is 80 years of age and attends to his duties at the bank every day.

* * *

Two steamers collided in the Williamette river in Oregon. Own Peters, a passenger, jumped overboard and was drowned.

A dispatch to the Reuter Telegram company from Seville, Spain, states that a fatal boiler explosion occurred in that city in a mill used for the manufacture of olive oil. Two persons were killed and many injured.

A dispatch from Varzin says that Prince Bismarck is confined to his bed with a severe cold.

A natural gas gusher has been struck in Boone county, Ind.

The First National bank of Garner, Ia., has been authorized to begin business with a capital of $50,000.

Captain Shaw, ex-chief of the London fire brigade, who, while saving other valuable things, saved a lot of money, proposes to make considerable investments in Colorado.

Charles Lewis of New Douglas, Ills., while out hunting was bitten by a rattlesnake and died from the effects of the poison.

The grip of a cable car in Pittsburg became jammed in the slot and several persons were hurt.

The Valley bank of Hot Springs, Ark., has closed its doors. Liabilities, $80,000.

The finest collection of Asiatic carpets ever shown in this country is now on sale at the American Art galleries, New York. Two days' sale aggregate $18,686.

The barn of Mrs. Elizabeth Stenger, near Naperville, Ill., was destroyed by fire. It contained twenty-three head of cattle, seven horses, 2,000 bushels of oats, 600 of corn, 100 tons of hay, and farming implements. All out-buildings were burned. Small insurance.

The schooner Annie was wrecked in Lough Strangford, Ireland, and six of the crew drowned.

The Mutual Life Insurance company of New York has refused to pay $100,000 insurance on the life of William M. Runk of Philadelphia, who committed suicide recently.

* * *

Many cases of diphtheria are reported at Murrayville, Ills. A number of deaths have occurred.

Miss Minnie Weston, a spirited girl of 20, is a mail carrier in Oregon, and traverses a dangerous route four and five times a week.

Of that class of relics in which John Brown's fort is conspicuous is the log cabin occupied by Grant when in winter quarters at City Point, Va., 1864-65. It is now falling to pieces in Fairmount park, Philadelphia.

Marshal MacMahon, ex-president of France, is now 84 years of age.

The list of musical prodigies in Boston at present includes a young Cherokee Indian girl, who is said to be remarably accomplished. She expects to return to the Indian territory when her education is completed as a teacher of her tribe.

Rev. Dr. David Greer, pastor of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church, New York, having a sufficient private income for his own needs, turns over his entire salary of $15,000 a year for the relief of the poor.

The new Tobin college at Fort Dodge, Ia., has been dedicated. The college has an an enrollment of 115.

Buffalo capitalists propose to erect a steel observatory at Niagara Falls 70 feet at the base, 230 feet high, tapering to 18 feet at the top. The frame will be built of four main columns 15 inches square, around which the covering will be placed. A platform 88 feet in circumference will surround the top, furnishing room for eighty people to stand. Another lookout point will be provided at about midway up the tower.

George Armstrong, a fireman on the Burlington, has been arrested at Monmouth, Ills., for forgery.

A statue is to be erected at Bar le Duc, in France, to Ernest Michaux, who is supposed to have invented the velocipede and thereby paved the way for the bicycle.

* * *

Cornelius Meredith, 24 years old, of Indianapolis was instantly killed by the cars at Logansport, Ind.

A cow caused the wreck of a train on the Newport News and Mississippi Valley road at Gordon Station, Ky. The engineer was killed, the fireman seriously, and a colored man fatally hurt.

Judge Tipton of the circuit at Bloomington, Ill., has decided that women can vote for trustees of the State university.

Mrs. Thomas Fox of Benwood, W. Va., was struck by a Baltimore and Ohio train at Bellaire, O., and ground to pieces.

J. W. Browne, a leading lawyer of Earlville, Ills., committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. No cause is known. He leaves a wife and son.

Emanuel Lasker, the chess expert, the other day played five simultaneous games of chess blindfoled and won them inside of an hour and a half.

A Northern Pacific division superintendent has been fined $50 at Minneapolis for overworking employes.

Master Bayliss of Coventry, England, is the youngest cyclist in the world. He is 2½ years old and wheels around on a beautiful little tricycle weighing ten pounds. The child is already a fine rider.

Forest fires are raging in Beaver Valley, Pa. The flames are fanned by a fierce wind.

Judge Reed of Philadelphia has refused to grant an order prohibiting the Order of Tonti from continuing in business.

H. Cordeni Smith & Co., millers of Marcellus, N. Y., have failed. Their liabilities are estimatrd at $70,000; assets, $80,000.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. Dr. T. A. Slocum, 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 5 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Across the Potomac."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"A Mad Bargain."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"By Proxy."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Knotty Affair."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Master and Man."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE PARIS FUNDS.

The long protracted quarrel between the McCarthyite and Redmondite wings of the Irish Parliamentary party over the release of the Paris funds is, it seems, at last reaching the end of its tether. After a series of wordy conflicts, in the course of which some very strong language of a personal character was indulged in on both sides it looks as if the unfortunate evicted tenants will not after all be sacrificed to the jealousies of internecine strife. To the patriotic archbishop of Cashel and to Mr. James O'Connor, the active and energetic secretary of the Cork Evicted Tenants' Association, is due the credit of having brought about this satisfactory settlement of a problem the almost endless discussion of which by Irishmen in opposing camps was one of the most senseless and ludicrous debates that have ever occupied the attention of a people. Dr. Croke has a wise head on big and brawny shoulders. He has taken no bitter partisan side in the present unfortunate division between Irish Nationalists. Although a supporter of Mr. McCarthy, he has not displayed that unreasoning hostility to Parnellites which characterized others of his brethren in the episcopacy, and many of the members of the Irish priesthood. Having given it as his opinion that Irishmen had a perfect right to differ on the question of Parnell's leadership, the archbishop of Cashel proved himself to be an ecclesiastic of a broad, tolerant mind, unwarped by prejudice or by party intrigue. Hence he was, perhaps, the only prominent man in the country who could effect a reunion between the followers of Mr. McCarthy and of Mr. Redmond on the vital question as to how the Paris funds may be drawn from the Monroe bank, and be used for the relief of the evicted. He had a zealous coadjutor in the person of Mr. O'Connor, who has been indefatigable in his efforts to rescue from utter ruin the hapless victims of the late land war.

Recently, according to the Dublin *Independent*, Mr. O'Connor had an important interview with the archbishop, who stated that he saw no reason whatever why the money, now lying in the Monroe vaults in Paris, should not be immediately released, as both parties were apparently anxious that it should be. "After the money is released," observed the prelate, "it should be placed in the hands of independent trustees, and then a committee consisting of representatives of the two parties should be formed. The claims on the fund, which were acknowledged by both sides, should be paid forthwith; and disputed claims should be referred to the committee. The balance remaining then should be supplemented by subscriptions from sympathizers with the tenants throughout the world, and used for the benefit of *bona fide* evicted tenants without distinction of class or party."

This outspoken and patriotic expression of opinion on the part of Dr. Croke will be hailed with the utmost pleasure by the Irish race all the world over. The conditions, laid down so explicitely by him, are of a thoroughly practical as well as impartial character. The immediate release of the funds or of a portion of the funds may, therefore, be looked upon now as a foregone conclusion. Some hypercritical critics may object to their disbursement into the pockets of the evicted tenants on the plea that they were subscribed for political purposes, and not for the aid of the victims of landlordism. These gentlemen are making a distinction without a difference. The relief of the wounded soldiers in the agrarian war of recent years is decidedly a political object under present circumstances. Even if it were not, the thousands of Irish-Americans whose subscriptions created that fund, would, THE CITIZEN has no hesitation in saying, generously consent to have it allocated on the lines and within the conditions specified by the archbishop of Cashel. In any case the money in question, if it relieves the ex-tenants of their financial difficulties, would be far more patriotically invested than if it were spent in defraying the hotel expenses of some of Ireland's impecunious Parliamentary representatives in London.

"DEIRDRE."

Apropos of the death of Tennyson, the poet laureate of England, it may interest many of the readers of THE CITIZEN to know that it has been stated on good authority that he was about to write a great poem on an ancient Irish subject of the heroic, or Cuchullain cycle of Irish history, but the publication of the late Dr. Joyce's poem of "Deirdre," it being founded on events which took place in the same cycle of Irish history, prevented him from carrying his design into execution. It is an absolute certainty, if we can judge of Tennyson's ability as a poet from the poetry he has written, that he never would have been able to write such a poem as "Deirdre." He might have used in its composition language more chaste and perhaps less easily understood than that employed by Dr. Joyce, but he never could have written such a harmonious poem, or one that the general reader would have liked so well. "Deirdre" is a great poem, but it is not half so great as it ought to be, for the events on which it is founded are more dramatic, poetic and pathetic than can be found in the history or legends of any country but Ireland. Never had poet such a grand foundation for a poem as had he who wrote "Deirdre."

Without meaning in any way to disparage Dr. Joyce as a poet, or to set Tennyson above him, it is nevertheless, a pity that it was not Tennyson instead of Joyce that wrote "Deirdre," and that the latter forestalled the former by having been first in the field on the same subject. Our sole reason for wishing that Tennyson and not Joyce had written "Deirdre" is because Tennyson, by his position, could have given the subject of the poem vastly more popularity than Joyce could. One great want from which Ireland suffers is the non-popularity of her ancient history and legends. Once the learned and the refined took an interest in them, the language in which they have been preserved, and in the long run the country itself and its people, would receive much more of the attention of the world at large than they receive at present. Every Irishman, however, has a right to feel proud of "Deirdre," for it has been pronounced by good judges to be the greatest poem written in the English language since the epoch of Byron and Moore.

Tennyson was indeed a poor poet compared with the two great names we have just mentioned. Nothing but the lack of poetic genius among the English people of his time could have made Tennyson poet laureate. Had he written when people were wondering over the beauties of "Childe Harold" and the "Fire Worshippers," the most obscure bookseller in England would not have undertaken to publish his poems. Some are born too soon, and some are born too late, but Tennyson was born at the right time.

A TIMELY WARNING.

When the Tory government was some time ago dismissed from office and Mr. Gladstone returned to power with a majority of thirty in a house numbering over six hundred members, there were people who imagined that they would assist at the opening of an Irish Parliament in Dublin in the autumn of 1893. They flung their hats—so to speak—in mid-air, rejoicing that Ireland was at last on the very threshold of that liberty for which so many of her poets sighed, and confessors died throughout long and pitiless years. These enthusiastic but foolish friends of the Irish cause were, of course, destined to be disappointed in their sanguine expectations; for they did not take a practical view of the entire situation, nor did they foresee the many and serious obstacles which would have to be overcome before Irish legislative independence became a living reality in the land.

One of THE CITIZEN'S dearest wishes would be to behold a College Green legislature established in Dublin tomorrow; but there are wishes and wishes in this valley of tears which cannot be immediately realized, and it behooves those who indulge in them, to hold their souls in patience and learn to labor and to wait for their consummation. The narrow and unreliable majority on which Mr. Gladstone has to depend for the support of his Home Rule bill; the obstructive tactics which the Tories are likely to adopt in opposing that measure in committee; the certainty of its being thrown out by the House of Lords; the general elections that are sure to follow, and the subsequent conflict that will ensue between both Houses of Parliament must necessarily delay the advent of Home Rule for several years to come. The Irish people, therefore, had better be prepared for such an ordeal. Their friends would not be acting sincerely if they encouraged them to build any serious hopes on the immediate possibility of an Irish Parliament. Unfortunately the pathway to the old house in college Green is still long and rugged, paved with the roughest of boulders, and full of treacherous pitfalls; and no roseate illusions should be allowed to germ and blossom in the minds or imaginations of those whose duty is to tread it. Unlike the fabled descent into Avernus, the ascent to liberty is by no means an easy or a convenient journey; but its risks and perils must be faced all the same with stout heart and unflinching courage.

These remarks have been suggested to THE CITIZEN by a recent speech of the Hon. Edward Blake, ex-Canadian statesman, and now M. P. for the county Longford in Ireland, who, addressing a Boston audience, used the following words: "We are not likely to obtain Home Rule in the next session of Parliament. We must make up our minds for a two and even a three years' struggle. The Irish party has before it a fight as arduous, as critical and as difficult as it ever had."

Such are the warning words of a level-headed and highly intelligent statesman, who knows whereof he speaks, and whose observations ought to be read, studied and inwardly digested by all those whose enthusiasm has led them to believe that the greatest legislative measure of a century can be passed in a day.

THE McKINLEY BILL.

The free trade journals not only of this city, but of the whole country, have been day after day reiterating that the McKinley tariff bill puts the highest duties on the cheapest goods, and the lowest duties on the dearest; that it makes the necessaries of life pay the highest duties, and the luxuries of life pay the lowest. These statements are made daily by almost every free trade journal in the country. They are made, too, without any qualification whatever, leading the public to believe that *in every case* the McKinley bill puts the highest duties on the necessaries of life, and the lowest on the luxuries. Never in any presidential campaign that has been held in America, has so much of the American press indulged in such monstrous lying; and every conscientious American, whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, must feel humiliation and shame to think that, above anything that can be shown in the press of any part of the habitable globe, the free trade press of America seems to be the most thoroughly dishonest.

It may be true that some clauses of the McKinley tariff bill are objectionable; it may be that its not having put coal on the free list, was an error; it may be that the present tariff laws do not suit all, and that they damage some trades and some sorts of business. But how would it be possible to frame laws that would suit every one exactly? To do so would require not only the genius but the foresight of an archangel. The best that framers of laws can do is to make them as generally beneficial as possible. That the McKinley bill was framed with such an object in view, there can be no manner of doubt. If certain clauses in it are not quite what they ought to be, it should be remembered that it was framed by human beings, none of whom is infallible or perfect.

Let us see if the McKinley bill always imposes the highest duties on the necessaries of life; but let it be understood that its principal object being to stimulate the growth of those American industries that receive the greatest competition from the cheap labor of Europe, it would be impossible to regulate a protective tariff so that in every instance it should be heavy or light in exact proportion to the cost or the need of the kinds of goods on which it was levied. A prime object aimed at by the tariff, is to impose the least possible duty, or leave entirely free, such things as cannot be grown in America, and such goods as cannot be manufactured in it. For this reason, tea, coffee, and cocoa pay no duty on coming into this country, and for this reason sugar is so nearly exempt from duty that it may be said to be on the free list; it has been cheaper since the passage of the McKinley bill than it was ever known to be before; and it may be said with perfect safety that sugar, tea, coffee and cocoa are cheaper in America than anywhere else in the world. If these four articles are not "necessaries of life," and if free traders can show a country where they are generally cheaper than they are here, THE CITIZEN will feel greatly obliged.

It may be said that it is because the articles mentioned are free of duty that they are so cheap, and that if all duty was taken off cottons, woolens, hardware, etc, they would be as proportionately cheap as tea, coffee, sugar and cocoa.

Such a conclusion would be quite erroneous, because it was the imposition of a tariff that caused the starting of many industries in America, notably that of the manufacture of steel rails. Before America commenced their manufacture, she paid as high as $120 per ton for them in England; but as soon as a duty of over 60 per cent advalorem was imposed on them; American manufacturers began to make them, and the price went down in a few years to $30 per ton. The same thing may be cited with regard to cotton fabrics. Before they were protected, before a duty of over 40 per cent advalorem all round was imposed on them, they were nearly double as dear as they are now; cotton fabrics have been made in this country for nearly a century, yet they are generally cheaper here than in any other country in the world, in spite of the fact that there is a duty of about 40 per cent advalorem imposed on all such fabrics coming into this country. Let free traders prove these statements false if they can.

The McKinley bill, against which the Free Traders howl like Comanchees, has, generally speaking, made the necessaries of life cheaper than they were before its passage, because it has put a host of articles that could not be produced or manufactured here, on the free list, that heretofore paid duty. Lowering the tariff on sugar, so that it now pays about half a cent a pound, has saved the people of this country not far from $70,000,000 annually. There are many other things, such as China matting, braids, plaits, laces, dates, currants, jute, seeds and grasses, roots etc, etc, put by the McKinley bill on the free list, and that formerly paid duty, that cause a saving of millions a year to the people. Yet the howl of the Free Traders against the McKinley bill gets louder and louder, and apparently for no other reason than because it benefits America and hurts England.

OUR NEW NAVY.

The progress made during the past few years in the construction and completion of our national navy is highly satisfactory. It was at first very difficult—even almost impossible to arouse the Senate and Congress of Washington to an adequate sense of the great danger which was incurred in leaving our coasts practically defenseless in the absence of anything like a powerful fleet. There were men in both Houses who pleaded for the building of such a fleet; but their appeals fell for some time on unwilling or indifferent ears, till at last under the administration of President Arthur it was decided that four or five new war vessels should be put on stocks in our navy yards. The good work, thus inaugurated, was continued by Secretary Whitney; and when his successor, Secretary Tracy, was only two years in office, the number of new ships reached twenty-seven. Appropriations have been already made under the present administration which will supply us with a naval fleet of forty-three vessels powerful in build and equipped with all modern appliances and improvements.

It is also satisfactory to learn that our navy is exclusively of home manufacture. It is the creation of American draughtsmen, American designers, American metal workers and American shipbuilders. From stem to stern and from top mast to keel each of our war vessels of today is every bit as American as are the loyal hearts of the brave and brawny tars who man its deck and manage its guns. That Americans are better able than any Europeans to turn out the best of material from the navy yards of our land is proven by the statement recently made by one of the leading members of the British Institute of Naval Architects in London to the effect that "American battleships are distinctly superior to any European vessels of the same displacement, and for the protection of the American coast quite a match for any ships afloat." It is no less satisfactory to be assured of the fact that our merchant marine is also forging ahead, and is destined to regain all the strength and vigor of its lusty youth. The legislation enacted under President Harrison's administration already guarantees the addition of five new lines, twenty six new ships and 150,000 new tonnage to our future merchant fleet.

Consequently the maintenance of American rights abroad was never so clearly defined as they are today. With a powerful fleet to protect our coasts, and ride in triumph on the high seas, we can well defy the machinations of all our foreign foes—be they British or any others.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

There are, as we write, ominous rumblings indicative of another approaching conflict between church and state in France. For the past few weeks the salaries of several vicars-general have been suppressed, and many other ecclesiastics have suffered similar penalties at the hands of the authorities. The government is, moreover, credited with the intention of diminishing the number of bishoprics and parishes throughout the country in order to curtail public expenses, and thus win the favor of the tax paying masses. On the whole, the Catholic church in France is undergoing at the present time a series of petty persecutions unworthy of the rulers of a great and a so called Catholic nation.

Those who have charge of the destinies of the French Republic ought to know that persecution nowhere succeeds in the aim which it has in view. The blood of the martyrs was the seed from which sprung the power and glory of the Catholic church. Interference with the recognized rights of bishops and priests will only serve to make enemies for the Republic; for every ecclesiastic who falls a victim to the tyranny of Republicans will be considered a martyr by French Catholics whose hatred will consequently be directed towards a regime which could not only tolerate but actually endorse and carry out such an odious policy. Bismarck, the greatest statesman of the age, tried to sap the foundations of Catholicity in Germany. He expelled the religious orders and many secular priests from the Vaterland, and did everything in his power to crush the spiritual influence of the Pope over the souls of German Catholics. What was the result? The iniquitous May laws, which were passed under his administration, had to be repealed a short time ago, for they had become practically unworkable and inefficient. The Vatican, unarmed though it was, was more than a match for the blood and-iron chancellor who had four million soldiers and a mighty Empire at his back. The Czar of Russia made various attempts to root out Catholicity from her vast dominions by cunning plots and vile intrigues; but he was foiled on every occasion by the far-seeing diplomacy and unrivalled tact of Leo XIII.

Where the Czar and Kaiser failed, the third rate statesmen of France, who are not autocrats but the creatures of the popular will, the mere favorites of a day, are not likely to succeed. It is a pity that a level-headed man like Carnot cannot see his way to inculcating into his ministers' minds some of those principles of moderation which have been followed out by himself throughout a highly successful career. The state should see that it will gain nothing by persecuting the church. It should on the contrary become convinced that it will lose much by such a suicidal policy. The predecessors of the men in power in Paris today, numbering among them Leon Gambetta and Jules Ferry, struggled in vain to Coerce Catholicism, and bind it body and soul to the chariot wheels of the state. Their successors ought to take lesson by the failure of these foolish statesmen who found out too late that they could not cope with the resources at the command of the Vatican. THE CITIZEN believes with the late Count Cavour that the ideal of a good government is a free church in a free state. That system works admirably in this country. There is no reason why it should not be adopted or why it should not work equally as well within the confines of France.

BISMARCK ON PROTECTION.

THE CITIZEN inserts the following extract from a speech of Bismarck's in the German reichstag on May 12, 1882. It gives the opinion of the most prominent and most successful statesman in Europe, not from love or admiration of him, but in order that its readers may see how the subject of protection is regarded by the foremost man of one of the most advanced nations in the world:

"The success of the United States in material development is the most illustrious of modern time. The American nation has not only successfully borne and suppressed the most gigantic and expensive war of all history, but immediately afterward disbanded its army, found work for all its soldiers and marines, paid off most of its debt, gave homes and labor to all the unemployed of Europe as fast as they could arrive within the territory, and still by a system of taxation so indirect as not to be perceived, much less felt. Because it is my deliberate judgment that the prosperity of America is due to its system of protective laws I urge that Germany has now reached that point where it is necessary to imitate the tariff system of the United States."

MR. MORLEY'S SPECIAL COMMISSION.

The mountains have been in labor for some time past; but they have, as usual, succeeded only in giving birth to a mouse. For several months the Liberal government have been deliberating on the best means to be adopted in order to rescue the evicted tenantry of Ireland from their present unfortunate plight. Cabinet councils have been held over this important problem. John Morley has, like a winged Mercury, been flitting from Dublin Castle to Downing street, and back from Downing street again to Dublin Castle in pursuit of a satisfactory solution of this very vexed question. Different more or less workable plans for its settlement ought to have suggested themselves to the minds of these learned officials. They had, for instance, at their command the moneybags of the British treasury, out of which at one stroke of a ministerial pen they could draw £500,000 for the reinstatement of the ex tenants in their old-time farmsteads. Yet this very simple plan of campaign must have been set upon by the assembled wisdom of this most illiberal of Liberal cabinets, for in its stead a most ridiculous proposal has been substituted, which for imbecility has had no parallel in the administrative annals of any civilized country.

The Irish tenants asked for bread. Now nothing but a stone is offered them in the shape of a Royal Commission, the duty of the members of which is to inquire into the causes and effects of all the evictions which have taken place in Ireland during the past eleven years! Such is the perfidious panacea presented to the public for the removal of the ills of the peasant outcasts of an entire country. It is nothing short of a "live, horse, and you'll get grass" policy which will prove to be as ruinous as it is contemptible and absurd.

The commission is composed of nonentities in whom neither landlords nor tenants seem to have any confidence. Then again, even if it had been properly constituted, its machinery is destined to be cumbersome and its judicial investigations will be so protracted that the thousands of Irish families now deprived of their homes and means of subsistence would have ample time to hunger and to die before this Royal Commission will have occasion to pass a final verdict on all the cases that are to be submitted to it. Under these circumstances the people of Ireland can come to no other conclusion than this: that they have been once more cruelly duped by their British rulers. Saxon perfidy in Ireland has scored another triumph, just as it did on the Treaty Stone of Limerick in days of yore. The slime of the serpent is coated, so to speak, around all the promises ever made by England to any of her subject races. Whether the government in power be Whig or Tory, it shows its intensely English knavery on any and on every occasion. The sooner the Irish people see through this treason on the part of their so-called allies, the better for themselves and for their native land.

ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN.

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago held a meeting at No. 56 State street last Sunday afternoon for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the annual memorial celebration of the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, to be held at Central Music Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 23. A literary and musical programme, including selections of Irish national minstrelsy, has been prepared and will be rendered by well known vocalists and readers. The Rev. J. P. Dore will preside and the principal address of the evening will be delivered by John F. Finerty. The officers of the committee of arrangements are: John E. Lang, chairman; Michael Fitzgerald, vice-chairman; Andrew G. Duggan, recording secretary; Hugh K. Jordon, corresponding secretary, and William Gavin, Treasurer.

THE APPROACHING AMNESTY.

It is stated on what is considered to be excellent authority that at the suggestion of Mr. John Morley the British government are about to order a partial release of the Irish political "offenders" who are now languishing in British dungeons. This concession to the demands of the Irish nation will be looked upon—and deservedly—as a half-hearted and far from satisfactory measure. If it be found wise and expedient for the authorities of Downing street to liberate some of these captives, why not liberate all? Are they not one and all classified in the category of political prisoners, and why should any invidious distinction be made between them? A partial release of these men would be an outrage on, and a glaring injustice to those who after the proclamation of such an amnesty still continued to be confined in English prisons. THE CITIZEN trusts that the Irish Parliamentary party on whose votes the Gladstonian cabinet depends for its very existence, will lose no time in bringing pressure to bear on Mr. Gladstone to widen his proposed measure of clemency with the view to include every so-called dynamiter, invincible, and agrarian offender, who was convicted by judge or jury in Britain and in Ireland during the last fifteen years. It is only such a comprehensive measure of amnesty which will be received with anything like satisfaction. The amnesty agitation must and shall continue with unabated vigor until the prison gates be opened to the last of these incarcerated Irishmen.

That all these men have suffered enough and more than enough already for their desperate devotion to the Irish cause in days when martial law and blood-stained tyranny cut such high and damnable jinks in the land, nobody of an impartial turn of mind will presume to doubt or deny. An Irish M. P., who recently visited Mr John Daly in Portland prison, says that that staunch Nationalist has aged ten years in the last twelve months. The delegates of the London Irish Political Prisoners Amnesty Association paid recent visits to ten others of the captives. One of these, Mr. Duff, they found insane. Another, Mr. Devany, was also pronounced to be similarly afflicted; while Mr. McCann, who was in the days of his freedom a splendid athlete, had completely broken down in health. The remainder of the unfortunate victims to Saxon jail savagery were in no better plight, and were mere specters of their former selves.

Under such circumstances it would be the acme of cruelty for any government to make any exceptions in the release of these men. They have all alike been subjected to the loathsome treatment which every Irish political prisoner receives at the hands of English warders. To all alike, therefore, should freedom be given, in case the Gladstonian government really and sincerely mean to send anything like a loyal message of peace to the Irish race at home and abroad. Any amnesty less than this would be justly regarded as a fraud, a delusion, and a snare.

HENRY LABOUCHERE says in London *Truth*: "It is certain that at the present moment America is the most prosperous country in the world, despite our assertions that protection is ruinous. If I had been an American myself I should have advocated protection. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Protection pudding has proved a more plentiful meal for Americans than free trade provides for us."

THE Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., delivered an address on the Irish question in the Harvard University of Boston last week. The Harvard students gave him an enthusiastic reception. The young intellect of the "Hub" is in thorough harmony with Irish national aspirations.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY was recently asked by a reporter if there was any widespread feeling in Ireland in favor of separation. In reply he observed that it had either died out or that it lingers now only in a few isolated minds. The wish in Duffy's mind is father to the thought. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men in Ireland today who are firm be-

lievers in the ultimate possibility of an Irish republic. These men are the very salt of Irish earth. The ex-editor of the *Nation* was in his best days never anything more than a mere Repealer. Now in his old age he is, of course, becoming more and more conservative. Politics apart, Duffy is not, however, a bad specimen of an Irishman.

BIRR in Ireland, the birthplace of one of the Manchester martyrs, Michael Larkin, refuses through the medium of its town commission board to give a site for the erection of a memorial to that devoted patriot. No other public board south of the Boyne would be guilty of such an indecent outrage on the memory of one of Ireland's dearest dead. Birr's councillors are evidently a squad of West British toadies. The "bloody DUKE of Cumberland" has his monument within the town, where Michael Larkin will not have as much as a stone to commemorate the record of the supreme sacrifice of his life in the cause of liberty. Yet Larkin's proudest memorial, after all, is in the veneration of his race the wide world over.

THE depression in agricultural prices grows space in England. Farms are being abandoned, and stock is running down at a break neck rate of speed. English farmers cannot entertain any feelings of love or admiration for the American tariff.

MR. GLADSTONE has just submitted a draft of the Home Rule bill to his colleagues in the cabinet. Shortly after he had gone through the same ordeal in 1886, Sir Henry James, Joe Chamberlain and others of his subordinates kicked over the traces, and effected the political downfall of their great chief. THE CITIZEN has every hope that history, in this case, will not repeat itself.

THE trustees of the will of the late Cardinal Howard must not, according to its terms, invest any of his money in Irish securities. This proviso is on a par with the "want" advertisements in the London *Times* which usually wound up with the addendum, "No Irish need apply!"

COL. SAUNDERSON, one of the leading Orange firebrands of Ulster, is once more on the warpath. Mr. John Morley is the enemy whom the big blustering bully would fain smite hip and thigh. Feather bed warriors of the Colonel's stamp are plentiful enough in the lodges of the North. Their bark is worse than their bite.

A SOCIETY cablegram informs the public that the Prince of Wales has just concluded his visit to Lord and Lady Brocke at their residence in Dunmow. No record is given of the number of games of baccarat played by the prince and her ladyship.

THE late Rev. Charles Davis of Baltimore, Ireland, whose death was chronicled in a recent issue of THE CITIZEN, was a talented linguist in addition to his other accomplishments. He was an Irish scholar of no mean repute, and took much pleasure in studying the masterpieces of Gaelic literature. His student career in Paris enabled him to master French, in which language he could converse as easily as in English. The reverend gentleman's father, the late John Davis, of Clonakilty, county Cork, was for years one of the leading mathematical scholars of the South of Ireland. His solution of the knottiest mathematical problems in the pages of high class English educational journals won him the regard and esteem of many contemporary *savants*.

SINCE the death of the O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. William J. O'Neill Daunt is the Nestor of Irish politics. Mr. Daunt, who is over 90 years of age, took part in all the movements inaugurated in this century for the restoration of the Irish Parliament. He spoke on behalf of Catholic Emancipation in the twenties, and still holds the field as a Home Ruler in the nineties! Mr. Daunt was at one time the secretary of Daniel O'Connell. He resides in Kilcascan Castle, county Cork, and is as hale and hearty a patriarch as one could meet with within the four seas of Ireland.

SAID ex-Speaker Reed recently: "Is it not a fact that the wages today are at least 50 per cent greater than they were in 1860? Is there a man here who does not know that every manufactured article is selling here today for a less price than in 1860? Cling to that which is well and have nothing to do with what you know nothing about." Wise words!

A REV. MR. CAREY of Dungarvan, is out with a suggestion that Dublin should not be made the seat of the Irish parliament, in case the Home Rule bill become law. Dublin, it seems, is a very naughty city. In fact it is so intensely Parnellite, according to the reverend gentleman, that it should be punished therefor. Bantry might be considered a more congenial spot for such a legislature.

SPY LECARON'S statement that he and Gen. O'Neill had anything to do with directing negotiations on the part of the Fenians in June, 1866, with President Andrew Johnson is not only sensational rot, but a downright malicious falsehood in thorough keeping with the other assertions that have been made by this champion liar. LeCaron was in 1866 a mere zero in the Fenian movement, while O'Neill was commanding a battalion at Fort Erie. Gen. Sweeney and Col. Roberts, the then directors of the organization, would not permit any one to interfere with their prerogatives. If they had any favor to ask of "Andy," they would go and ask it themselves. This LeCaron is fast blossoming into a modern Munchausen. He actually riots in lies.

IRISHMEN have been fools enough to assist in fighting England's battles for her in Europe, Asia, and Africa. They died for her interests at Waterloo and in the Crimea. They faced the horrors of fever in the jungles of India, and the assegais of savages in Zululand in order that British commerce might thrive and prosper. Are they now going to display a similar devotion to the Union Jack in this country by voting for a party which proposes to flood our market with English and other European imports? "Do good to those who hate you" is a very fine maxim in theory; but those who put the theory into practice invariably find that it does not pay. They are chiefly asses who beggar themselves in order to enrich others.

GAVAN DUFFY is, it is said, engaged on a memoir of Thomas Davis. No other living Irishman knew the Young Ireland poet so well, or could hope to write his biography with such completeness of detail as his old friend, the veteran ex-editor of the *Nation*.

ACCORDING to the London correspondent of the Cork *Examiner*, a gentleman who is by no means biased against the British public, England is in a very bad way morally at present. The criminal and coroner's courts are, he says, occupied with the investigation of horrible crimes. Murders committed by poisoning, by knives, by hatchets, and revolvers are keeping the magistrates literally up to their ears in work. The same correspondent also informs us that there is an alarming increase of drunkenness among English women. Whisky and sherry are the favorite beverages of these dainty creatures. And yet England holds herself up to the gaze of all nations as a model and paragon of perfection. The Britisher of today is verily a real live edition of the Pharisee of old!

THE English lord lieutenant of Ireland received an ovation lately in the streets of Dublin on the occasion of a visit which he paid to the Gaiety Theatre. In the theatre itself the crowd cheered him again and again; and when the orchestra struck up 'God Save the Queen," all present, we are told "immediately rose to their feet in deference to the "national" air. This disgusting exhibition of toadyism ill became the capital of a self-respecting nation. THE CITIZEN had a higher and a better opinion of Dublin. That it should bow the knee, like a crawling slave, to a foreign potentate, and doff its hat with solemn respect while listening to a prayer for the salvation of the Widow Wettin, are very extraordinary signs of the times indeed. The Irish national spine needs a little wholesome strengthening.

MR. CHARLES G. DORAN, a veteran Nationalist, and town councillor of the Cove of Cork, confesses that he sees no difference in the situation under the Balfour and Morley regimes. Evictions, he says, are as common now as ever they were. Mr. Doran's frank and manly statement has aroused the ire of Old Mother Hubbard of Prince street, Dublin, who is wild with that gentleman for having thus inopportunely told the truth. The *Freeman* forsooth, does not wish to "embarrass" the Gladstonian government! Machiavelli, where art thou?

THE insensate bigots, who refused to do honor to Columbus because he was a Roman Catholic, forget that Europe and the rest of the world contained not one Protestant soul in the days of the great discoverer. Martin Luther was a lad of 9 in bib and tucker when the Genoese mariner sailed from Palos. In any case a nation's bitterest scorn is not punishment enough for the creeping things who would seek to dim the luster of a glorious enterprise on account of the religion of the man who undertook and brought it to a successful issue. The United States can have no use for such slimy reptiles.

COMMANDER DAVIS of the British man-o'-war Royalist is a good type of the average British bully. He will find himself in for very hard luck if he comes within measurable distance of Uncle Samuel's top-boot. That sound bit of leather has knocked the breath out of many a braggart already, and may be counted on to do the same thing again.

DURING the last four years fifteen shipbuilding establishments have been started in this country, the work of which is as good and practically as cheap as any that can be done in the docks of England. Is not this another sign of national go-a head ness?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

MAC, Sioux City.—Yes, Col. Cody is of direct Irish descent. His parents were born in Ireland. The old Milesian blood asserts itself splendidly in every walk of life.

INQUIRER, Cincinnati.—The reverend orator whom you refer to, and who so elegantly dubbed Columbus "a fraud" knew as little about the great discoverer as a monkey does about mathematics. Ignoramuses like him, however, are sometimes believed in despite the asinine assertions that they make—so fathomless is human credulity!

A SUBSCRIBER, City.—THE CITIZEN cannot open its columns to such a discussion. Purely ecclesiastical questions of a debatable nature should be left to ecclesiastics to consider. Laymen have no right to interfere in matters which exclusively concern the sanctuary and the priesthood. A free church in a free State is our motto.

WILLIAM MACMANUS.—Ireland, it is expected, will be fairly well represented at the forthcoming Columbian Exposition. Of course, not having any special section of the grounds to herself, she will not be able to make much of a distinctive display apart from other parts of the British Empire. Yet she will do as well as she can under the circumstances. An Irish village is to be one of the features of the Fair.

A WAR SONG OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Sons of the Celts arise,
And set your Erin free!
Arise, take up the fallen brand;
Lift the green flag in your hand,
Like freemen's sons for freedom band,
And heaven will smile on ye.

Start from your servile sleep;
Awake, awake—'tis time.
This is the soil your fathers trod,
This is the land giv'n us by god;
Then why dare Norman claim the sod?
We'll make them rue the crime.

Deem it for us to live
In slavery a shame.
Our fathers lived as freemen do—
Nay, oft as conquering heroes too,
Till Briton, Gaul, and Roman knew
And learned to dread their name.

Say, has the land that bore
But brave men ages long,
Ceased to give birth to none but slaves,
Or men who'll sleep in coward's graves,
Who bend like serfs to Saxon knaves—
Unconscious of the wrong.

No, I'll not dare impute
Such cowardly hearts to you.
Your valor surely has not fled,
Your love of freedom is not dead.
Then rise and crush the English red,
And to your name be true.

Arm! Chieftains, don your mail!
Clansmen, throng the plain!
Press on in battle's grim array,
With halbert, lance, and matchlock slay;
May God sustain you in the fray,
And Freedom's ours again!

—*Lieut. Henry Morris, in the Freeman.*

Pleading for Irish Prisoners.

WASHINGTON, Oct 31.—The Secretary of State has recently sent an important instruction to the United States Legation in London respecting Dr. Thomas Gallagher, John Curtin Kent and other Irish-American citizens now serving life sentences or other long terms of imprisonment in Great Britain. Numerous representations have been made to this government in their behalf and President Harrison's sympathy has been so aroused that he has directed that the Legation in London bring the matter to the attentive consideration of the British government with a view to securing such modification of the sentence of the court as will bring about release from further imprisonment. Dr. Gallagher is reported to be in greatly impaired health, both mental and physical, and the Legation has been instructed to have a visit made to his prison and procure such alleviation of his confinement as humanity may suggest, pending the consideration of the case as newly presented.

Strong confidence is felt at the State Department that in view of the President's deep interest in the matter of the long confinement which the prisoners have already suffered, and of their certified good character in the United States, the present Gladstone government will listen favorably to the appeal of the government of the United States and grant them liberty to return to the country of their adoption.

The Gaelic Class.

There was not as good an attendance last Sunday as expected. It is to be hoped that there will be a better attendance to morrow (Nov. 6), as some well known gentlemen from the East will make addresses both in Gaelic and in English. The Gaelic Society of Chicago is much disappointed because of the non-attendance of the Gaelic athletes; and also because their Highland Scotch kindred do not attend. It assures the latter that there will be cead mile failte romps, and that it is the language of their forefathers, and only it, that is taught. The meeting will take place at 3 p.m. tomorrow (Sunday) in City Clerk VanCleave's office, City Hall. No charges of any kind are asked.

MAURICE CRAN, Sec'y.

A University in the Home.

A college education has ceased to be a luxury. It is now an absolute necessity to every young man who would enter upon life with an unclouded prospect. Talk as one may about the superfluity of higher education, it cannot be gainsaid that its absence makes a successful man's progress less pleasant, even if it does not impede it very seriously. There is no wise young man who would refuse the opportunity of university study if he could get it. But of course it costs money. You cannot enjoy the privileges of such an institution unless you can afford to pay liberally for them.

Why not set up a university in your own home? It can be done and at an expense so trifling as to be of no moment. The expense consists of an outlay of ten cents a day for a short time only.

Some years ago many eminent teachers were paid a high price to write down in plain language all that was known of the branch of learning that each teacher had made his own. Thus the great mathematician was to write down plainly and succinctly the great truths of mathematics. The historian wrote of history, and the geographer of the countries of the world. And so with every branch of human knowledge.

These great teachers labored for years and finally completed their task. The result was gathered together in logical order and printed in clear, plain type and illustrated with beautifully clear engravings as an assistance to the memory and to vivify the text. The whole was strongly and neatly bound. Then it was given to that portion of the world who could afford to pay a high price for the wonderful work, which was called the Encyclopædia Britannica.

In the revised edition which we offer you, the Britannica has been condensed, revised and added to, with the intention of adapting it specially to the needs of American readers, while at the same time bringing it within the reach of the purses of many who could not possibly obtain the original work. It is a University in itself, this work, for it neglects no branch of knowledge in which men are interested. American enterprise has at last brought it within easy reach of all. You can have it in your own home for ten cents a day. The poor young man can have no better University. The presence of the Revised Encyclopædia Britannica makes a University of the humblest cottage.

We are anxious to have this great library placed in the home of every one of our readers. You cannot now offer any excuse for not having it for you can pay for it on almost your own terms. What home can afford to be without it when it can be secured by the saving of only ten cents a day for the short period of 90 days. Recollect we send the entire 20 volumes at once on receipt of but one dollar, the other $9.00 to be paid at the rate of ten cents a day, payable monthly.

NOTICE—Persons desiring the Encyclopædia must cut the order blank out of THE CITIZEN and fill it out; otherwise the books will not be sent.

Irving Bedine Richman contributes a very interesting and valuable paper on "The Home of Black Hawk" to the *New England Magazine* for November. It sheds an entirely new light upon the Indians and the Indian politics, and shows to advantage the intellectual qualities, good common sense and diplomatic ability of Black Hawk, Keokuk and other Indian sachems. It is an invaluable chapter for the student of American history, and is as entrancing to the general reader as a chapter from a romance. The paper received the hearty commendation of the historian Francis Parkman before being put into type.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Desired Information.

We desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily for St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers and Coaches of latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed. This the public is invited to judge for itself. It is the only route to the Pacific Coast over which both Pullman Vestibuled, first class, and Pullman Tourist cars are operated from Chicago via St. Paul without change.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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THE WAY OF IT.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

This is the way of it wide world over;
One is beloved and one is the lover.
One gives and the other receives.
One lavishes all in a wild emotion,
One offers a smile for a life's devotion.
One hopes and the other believes.
One lies awake in the night to weep,
And the other drifts into a sweet, sound sleep.

One soul is aflame with godlike passion,
One plays with love in an idler's fashion,
One speaks and the other hears.
One sobs, "I love you," and wet eyes show it,
And one laughs lightly and says, "I know it,"
With smiles for the other's tears.
One lives for the other and nothing beside,
And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad world over;
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
And the other learns to forget.
"For what is the use of endless sorrow?
Though the sun goes down it will rise tomorrow;
And life is not over yet."
Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other,
That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A. O. H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER
Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$608 25
Division 19, A. O. H., second instalment	19 50
James Fitzgerald, Soldiers' Home, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Irishmen of South Omaha, Neb.	60 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Lodge Halls to rent.

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DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased. Joseph L. Kotal, Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, vs. Alonzo Relyea, Matilda Howell, Henry M. Howell, James Cruse, Phillip Cruse, Augustus D. Petty, Elizabeth D. Inman, B. H. Inman and Lewis H. Davis, as Trustee.

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE TO PAY DEBTS).

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause, on the fifth (5th) day of October, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said Administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Monday, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit.: Lot Seven (7) in Block Two (2) of Samuel B. Loose's Subdivision of the South half (S ½) of the North half (N ½) of the West half (W ½) of the Southwest quarter (S W ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-eight (38), North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois; said real estate is improved by a frame cottage, and will be sold subject to the dower and homestead rights of Alonzo Relyea. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to and approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Oct. 6, 1892.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL,
Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased.

David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF JOHN B. SONTAG, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of John B. Sontag, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1892, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 5, 1892.

MARY SONTAG, Executrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

NEPTUNE'S STEEDS.

Hark to the wild nor'easter
That long, long booming roar!
When the Storm King breathes his thunder
Along the shuddering shore
The shivering air re-echoes
The ocean's weird refrain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

No hand nor voice can check them,
These stern steeds of the sea;
They were not born for bondage,
They are forever free.
With arched crests proudly waving,
Too strong for human rein,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

With rolling emerald chariots
They charge the stalwart strand;
They gallop o'er the ledges
And leap along the land;
With deep chests breathing thunder
Across the quivering plain
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Not with the trill of bugles,
But roar of muffled drums
And shrouded seaweed banners,
That mighty army comes.
Oh, the harbor bars are moaning
A wail of death and pain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Well may the sailor women
Look out to scan the lee,
And long for absent lovers—
Their lovers on the sea.
Well may the harbored seamen
Neglect the sails and seine,
When the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

How sad their mournful neighing—
That wailing, haunting sound;
It is the song of sorrow—
A dirge for dead men drowned.
Though we must all go seaward,
Though our watchers wait in vain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Will homeward come again.
—Larry Chittenden in Galveston News.

BORROWED PLUMES.

"Charlie!" called young Mrs. Barker through the bathroom door, "here's a letter from Tom. Shall I open it?"

"What's that?" returned Mr. Barker, sitting bolt upright in the tub, with the cold, fresh water running from his head, neck and shoulders.

"A letter from Denver. Shall I open it?"

"Certainly, and read it to me, will you? I shan't be out for ten minutes."

Then the young woman, standing in the passage outside, read as follows:

Pop is on to you two. He found me reading your last letter. Ma and he's coming east tomorrow. I guess he's loaded for bear, boy, and you'd better clear out. Pop and ma mean biz, I tell you. You'd think so if you'd seen the spanking I got. Yours ever, TOM.

Charlie Barker had consulted Mr. Hanson, it is true. Questioned closely as to his means, he had had to own that he was only a broker in a small way in Pine street. Being flatly refused the privilege of installing Miss Evelyn Hanson in his bachelor apartments on Twenty-third street, he had done so without the old man's permission. He had now to settle for this breach of privilege with the old man himself. No wonder he felt a little nervous.

But all Evelyn's western blood was up; all her western independence was flashing in her eyes.

"If you're not quite scared to death, Charlie," she said, "perhaps you'll be good enough to open your friend's (Mr. Van Lith's) letter. I see it's his writing," and she handed him a neat little note on pink paper bearing the Van Lith crest, a Dutchman on a dyke, with two demijohns full of schnapps rampant.

The young broker broke the seal. He started up in a minute, his face wonderfully brightened, his eyes aglow with excitement.

"The luckiest thing that could have possibly happened," he cried. "Van Lith's going down to Newport; places his house at our disposal; servants, horses, everything. Liberal? Well, I should say! But he's going away for a month, and Van and I were at Yale together, and—upon my word, he's the best fellow in the world."

But Evelyn didn't seem to share his enthusiasm.

"Oh, you don't see it yet. Look here. I'll explain. We move into the house. Your father arrives. We've made a lucky scoop in Wall street. I didn't tell you, because I wanted to test your affection and all that sort of thing. The old man is angry of course, but soon forgives us when he discovers I am wealthy. Then we entertain him royally, and when he's really found out what an excellent fellow I am, then we confess. 'God bless you, my children,' and it's all right. See?"

Evelyn nodded. "Go on," she cried encouragingly.

"There isn't anything more to be said," answered Mr. Barker. "Action's what we want. It's half past 10 now. The tyrant of Denver will be here inside of an hour. We must pack and clear out at once."

"You stop calling popper names or you'll do all the packing. You'd be angry yourself if you'd lost such a treasure. I am."

She made a little tempting move at him across the breakfast table.

In half an hour the pair were in a cab on their way to Mr. Van Lith's house. Ann remained behind to care for the flat.

Van Lith's old colored butler stood at the door to receive them and follow his master's instructions, "Treat them just as if the house was theirs, Joe."

A ten dollar bill and a whispered conference with Joe soon let him into the secret on what the young broker joyfully informed his wife was a "rock bottom basis."

Old Mr. Hanson's wrath had had time to cool considerably on the journey from Denver. It had flared up again when he had traced his runaway daughter and her husband to the unpretentious down town flat, but being informed by Ann, duly primed for the occasion, that her master had made a large fortune in Wall street and had taken a very handsome house in an aristocratic quarter, his ire had much abated.

"When did you make your pile?" was Mr. Hanson's first question.

"Oh, months ago," replied Barker with horrible effrontery. "Your daughter married me for love. I gave her both love and money. That's the way it should be. Let's go in to lunch. What's the matter, Joe? Isn't it ready?"

The old darky took him on one side and whispered:

"Mars' Charles, thar ain't er scrap er meat in the house, 'cept what's been done got fur the servants' dinner."

Mr. Barker remained gazing at the old fellow for a full half minute. The situation dazed him.

"Can't you—can't we have that? What have they got for dinner anyway?"

"A nice roas' of mutton."

"The very thing, Joe. Serve it immediately, and here, you folks buy something more for yourselves. We mustn't keep the guests waiting."

He handed the darky a dollar, and the old fellow slowly pocketed it.

"Serve luncheon at once," ordered Mr. Barker, who was becoming impatient. "What are you waiting for?"

"Look a-here, Mars' Charles," said the old man, slowly and deliberately. "Hev you any ijee what that mutton cost?"

"I can't say I have. A dollar, perhaps."

"The ign'ance of some people," continued the darky, "is incomprehensible. Thet mutton's worth ten dollars if it's worth a red cent, but seein as how you don't want it"——

He was turning away when Mr. Barker stopped him. It began to dawn upon the young man from Twenty-third street that he was being blackmailed.

"Here's your ten dollars, you black rascal."

He took the money from his pocket and handed it to Joe.

"Bring us up a couple of bottles of claret," he said.

"I've got to buy 'em, sah. That'll cost you five dollars more. It's mighty good wine and cheap, sah."

"You black rascal"—he began again.

"That expresshun will cost you just two dollars, Mars' Barker. Doan you call a 'specible servant no black rascle. You'd better put up de cash. Lunch an wine and dem things is apt to rise mighty quick in this house under some circumstances."

Barker saw he had to alter his tactics. He put up another five dollars without a murmur.

* * * * * *

Mr. Hanson and his wife had departed upstairs to wash their hands.

"It's awful," murmured Evelyn as she passed him on her way to the table. "Mamma ran right onto one of the Van Lith trunks in the front room."

He drank his five dollar wine recklessly to gain courage. Old Hanson sat and gorged himself on the ten dollar lunch. Mrs. Hanson, he thought, eyed him suspiciously, and old Joe served them with a broad grin on his ebony countenance.

"If this kind of thing keeps up for a week I am ruined," he said to Evelyn as the day finally closed, and at last he saw his wife's parents safely retired for the night.

"I've an idea mother already suspects something," said Evelyn. "I've a good mind to take her into my confidence and confess all."

But this proposition alarmed him more than anything else.

"Don't do that. I've got $400 left yet. Let's stick it out. At, say, forty dollars a day, how long can we hold the fort?"

"Just ten days!"

"And in ten days then it is either flight, the North river or the morgue."

"Ten days is a good long time," replied Evelyn. "I shan't worry myself so far ahead. Good night. I'm off to sleep."

Eight days of the ten had elapsed. The Barkers, with a courage born of desperation, had "stuck it out." They had become accustomed to their new position, and, despite their failing means, Charlie sometimes even fancied himself rich.

* * * * * *

The Hansons were delighted with their new son-in-law. No words in the English language were expressive enough to sing his praises. They had driven here and there, been taken to all the theaters and feted every day on the fat of the land. They had been made to feel their importance. The Hansons, of Denver, had never enjoyed themselves so much in their lives.

Barker was nearly crazy. What would he not have given to be back in Twenty-third street, and, if he must be shot for running away with old man Hanson's daughter, at least have the satisfaction of dying like an honest man?

On the morning of the ninth day he found a letter on the breakfast table. Old man Hanson was there with his famous appetite, eating eggs which had cost fifty cents apiece and ham which had been purchased from the blackmailers at a dollar a slice.

The letter was from his father in Boston and read as follows:

MY DEAR CHARLES—Your mother has just learned from Mrs. Stewart, who arrived in Boston from New York yesterday, of your recent marriage and also of your late good fortune in Wall street. I always knew you would fall on your feet, and you can now afford to laugh at those who have hitherto called you the fool of the family. Meantime you may expect us by an early train tomorrow, as we are anxious to see our new daughter. Your affectionate father, HORACE B. BARKER.

P. S.—I send this to your new house in Fifty-seventh street, which Mrs. Stewart tells us you purchased of the Van Lith estate. She says it is a splendid property. I hope you got a bargain.

It was the last straw. Unable to repress his feelings, the miserable Barker uttered a loud groan and rushed from the room, nor did he stop until he reached his chamber. Throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and remained for some time in a condition almost approaching stupefaction.

He was aroused by a light touch on his shoulder, and looked up to find the door closed and old Joe standing over him.

"Don't you be a blamed fool, Mars' Charles. Don't you go an give it yup. You's doin splendid. I'ze been talkin to de people down stairs, and dey's all agreed you's a daisy."

Barker raised his head and stared at the man in blank surprise.

"We'ze ain't goin to pinch you no mo', Mars' Charles. We done it as much fo' de fun dere was in it as fo' de cash. Now you gets everything at market price. You's a daisy."

The love of human approbation is the mainspring of a great deal of human endeavor.

When Charlie Barker heard himself called "a daisy" he took new heart.

In five minutes he was a man again. He went back to the breakfast table and told another falsehood—about having a sudden indisposition. He was now determined to see matters through.

Suddenly there was a ring at the bell. "A telegram," said Barker aloud. "Perhaps to say that father and mother can't come. How provoking!" but inwardly he rejoiced with an exceeding joy. He tore open the envelope, and the sight of that telegram nearly occasioned him a relapse:

We are coming home. Mrs. Van Lith quite sick. Expect us tonight. P. VAN LITH.

"That settles it," muttered Barker. "If ever Van Lith gets into this house I'm done for. He's as straight as a string. And his wife—well, she wouldn't tolerate such a fraud as this for a moment."

There was no time to consult Evelyn. He must act at once.

He went out in the hall. The boy was still there.

"Have you a telegraph blank with you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Then he wrote:

Don't come. Smallpox in the house. Evelyn, I and the servants are in quarantine. Am writing. CHARLES BARKER.

The boy looked at the telegram, read it and bounded to the sidewalk. He didn't stop until he reached the corner.

Barker was now desperate. He was in such a state of mind and had so far committed himself that he was ready for anything.

His parents arrived from Boston in time for lunch. He received them royally. He partook of deep potations. He laughed with his new father from Denver; he slapped his old father from Boston on the back. They all got very jolly. Dinner was a right merry meal.

The ladies had retired to the drawing room. The two old gentlemen had made terrific inroads on Van Lith's wines. They each took a hand of Barker's in theirs and swore he was the jolliest fellow in the world.

"And you like me all the better because I'm well fixed?" laughed Barker hysterically.

"Rich or poor," said Mr. Hanson, of Denver, "it wouldn't make any difference to me. Only give me an honest man and one who speaks the truth, for I despise a liar."

Then Mr. Barker, feeling that the time had come, arose somewhat unsteadily on his legs and faced the gentleman from Denver, who was mellow and smiling with wine.

"You have a right to despise me, then, Mr. Hanson, for I am a hypocrite and the biggest liar on the face of the earth."

The old man started as if he had been shot. Something in the expression of his son-in-law's face told him that this was no joke, but that he was speaking the truth.

"You ain't bin tellin us wrong about your forching, have ye?" he asked slowly, relapsing into the vernacular of his early mining days, and with his face gradually growing purple with anger.

Charlie Barker, for answer, put his hand in his pocket, and drawing out a solitary twenty dollar bill he laid it on the table.

"That's every cent I own in the world," he replied.

"But this house, all this fine furnitur'," almost pleaded the old man. "That's yourn, ain't it?"

"Not a stick of it. It's the house of a friend of mine, and I haven't a pennyworth of interest in it."

Mr. Hanson, of Denver, staggered back from the table.

"You scoundrel," he was beginning, "to go and steal my dorter;" but something in the young fellow's face stopped him; something in the attitude of the old gentleman from Boston, who had crept close to his son's side and passed his arm lovingly about him. The words of abuse died away on Mr. Hanson's lips.

"You must ha' bin dreadfully afraid of me to hev done this," he said instead.

"I was." And as if it was a relief to him to speak the truth again, the young fellow repeated the words. "I was—but I am no longer."

Mr. Hanson looked for a minute steadily at his son-in-law. Despite the fact that he was cruelly disappointed, he could not but admire the audacity of the New Yorker.

"Gosh all hemlock!" he exclaimed. "If I give you a chance you will come out to Denver and make a man of yourself."

"You bet I will."

"I must do my share of this," spoke up the man from Boston, his arm still around his son's waist. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Hanson. If you'll give Charlie an interest in your business I'll put capital enough back of him to make it an object."

"It's a go!" cried the man from Denver, and he put out his hand to the other across the table.

The man from Boston seized it and shook it heartily.

"Then we forgive him, don't we, both of us?"

"Won't some one forgive me, too?" asked a musical voice from the doorway. "I'm half forgiven already. I've just confessed to mother in the drawing room."

"Yes, we'll include you," answered old man Hanson, "and your mother as well, for not being sharp enough to detect you two frauds from the very first. I despise a liar, but I'm blessed if your husband ain't a dandy. Say, Barker, how do you intend to square this with your friend Van Lith?"

"I shall write him tonight a full account of the whole matter, for I'm far too happy to go to bed, and I shall entitle my story, 'In Borrowed Plumes.'"
—Austin Granville in Philadelphia Times.

A Strain on George.

"Speaking of George Washington," remarked the bachelor, "I wonder if his sister-in-law ever asked him his real opinion of her new baby?"—Washington Star.

A NEW MAINE SAILER.

THE FOUR MASTER ROANOKE IS THE LAST OF HER TYPE.

A Sailing Vessel in New York Harbor That Will Try Conclusions with Recent Steel Made English Boats—How She Is Rigged. Her Crew and Route.

Any one strolling along the bulkhead of Erie basin, which is a vast hospital and haven for craft of all sorts, may notice a great ship with skysail poles, seemingly fragile as toothpicks, towering above the loftiest spars of the biggest vessels moored around her. She is a four master, and her aerial intricacies of rigging and halliards and ropes are a Chinese puzzle to the landsman, but a vision of delight to the shellback. She is the Roanoke, giantess of wooden sailing vessels, and the last of her type that will ever be constructed in America. For that reason she is worth more than passing notice. She represents the vanishing era of wooden bottoms, discriminated against by the marine underwriters since the advent of steel ships.

Long ago the wooden sailing craft ceased to be a carrier of any significance in the British trade. All of the big British clippers are of steel, and nearly all those of recent construction are four masters. The British skipper calls his four master a bark because she is schooner rigged on the fourth, which is known both as the spanker and jigger mast. The Yankee skipper thinks that any sailing vessel with three masts square rigged is a ship.

The four masted British ships may be numbered by the score. The four masted American ships may be counted on the fingers of one hand. But the nautical optimists say this is to be changed, and that the change is at hand. The keel of the first American steel ship soon will be laid, and after she is launched others will follow her down the ways in rapid succession. The builders hope to do with the steel clippers—which will be constructed on approved American racing models—what our builders did with wooden clippers before the war. They held the record then from every port, near or remote, and they made modest fortunes for their builders and owners.

The best of the steel British ships cannot approach the wonderful performances of the great fleet of Yankee fliers of forty years ago. The Northern Light is credited with making the voyage from San Francisco to this port in seventy-two days. The Flying Dutchman, built by William H. Webb, of this city, in 1852, covered 4,620 knots in sixteen consecutive days, an average of nearly twelve knots an hour. The Dreadnought made the 2,800 knot run between New York and Queenstown in less than ten days.

The Sovereign of the Seas made the passage from the Sandwich Islands to New York in eighty-two days, covering on one day 375 knots, which is better than the best day's run of an eight day steamship from Queenstown. The Mary Whiteredge ran from Baltimore to Liverpool in thirteen days and seven hours. The Red Jacket made over 325 statute miles a day for one week. These are some of the records the Roanoke will try to equal. Veteran skippers do not believe she can do it, but her commander is hopeful.

The Roanoke is not the biggest American ship ever built. That distinction belonged to the Great Republic, which was even larger than the colossal steel five master France, the largest sailing vessel in the world. The Great Republic was built in East Boston by Donald McKay in 1853. Her master, Captain Joseph P. Hamilton, is the same Hamilton who now commands and partly owns the Roanoke. The Great Republic was not so heavily sparred as the Roanoke. She carried 15,653 square yards of canvas, while the Roanoke spreads nearly 20,000. From boom end to boom end—that is, from the tip of her bowsprit to the tip of her spanker boom—the Roanoke measures 370 feet. Her length on the keel is 311 feet, and her length over all is 331 feet. Her extreme beam is 49.3 feet, her depth 29.10 feet and her draft 27 feet. The golden ball on the top of her main skysail pole is nearly 200 feet from the deck. Her main and mizzen lower masts are 92 feet high, and her fore lower mast is 91 feet high. Her lower spanker mast is 98 feet high.

Her fore, main and mizzen topmasts are 56 feet high and her spanker topmast is 82 feet high. Each of her three topgallant masts is 28 feet high, her three royal masts 19 feet, her skysail masts 15 feet and her skysail poles 6 feet. Each of her three lower yards is 95 feet long, her lower topsail yards 88 feet long, her topgallant yards 66 feet long, her royal yards 55 feet long and her skysail yards 44 feet long. These are gigantic spars, and their size can be appreciated only by the sailorman who furls sail on them.

On her maiden voyage from Bath to this port, with 1,400 tons of ice in her hold as ballast, the Roanoke had only light winds and could not test her sailing qualities. She will go into service on the triangular track from New York to San Francisco, to Liverpool (or Havre), and back to New York. She will carry a crew of about forty men of mixed nationalities. She will also have what are rare in these days—six or seven ambitious American apprentices, mostly from the schoolship St. Mary's. Her chief officers, who are American navigators of much experience, are First Mate Frank E. Foss, of Lynn, and Second Mate Ingalls, of Portland.—New York Sun.

Practical Improvement.

The practice of improving one's self in some useful art without an intention to become a professional, so to speak, is much more widely followed than is realized. The technical schools that are springing up everywhere are patronized by many amateurs who care for only enough skill to do for themselves. Many women are thus learning millinery and dressmaking, wood carving, and the like. In London it is possible to take a short course in floral decorations as a means to satisfactorily indulge one's gardening propensities.—New York Times.

Lost in the Mountains.

"The most remarkable adventure I know of was that of a ten-year-old boy in Colorado," said Rienzi Beauchamp, a guest at the Lindell. "A party of us had gone from Pueblo for a week's hunting and fishing along the Arkansas river. We carried tents and camped out. A man named Britton had his young son with him, a manly little fellow, who could land a trout and bring down an antelope with the best of us. One day he got separated from the party, lost his way and spent the night in the mountains. He had with him a short 38-caliber sporting rifle, a good weapon for small game, but in the section where we were camped mountain lions were plentiful. His father was well nigh distracted, and we searched all night long for the adventurous youngster without avail. Just at sun up we started to return to camp.

"As we descended a ravine we discovered the object of our search, sound asleep, with his head pillowed on an enormous mountain lion, which was curled up as though enjoying a nap. Three of us approached cautiously to within fifty yards, drew a bead on the animal, and at a given signal fired. The brute never stirred. The boy, whom we supposed dead, half rose, rubbed his eyes and inquired peevishly, 'What in blazes are you fellers tryin t' do? I killed this yere lion four hours ago.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Big Open Air Concerts.

In Wales on the occasion of the eisteddford, or annual Welsh bardic congress, the largest open air concert is held every year. In 1891 it was held at Swansea, and was witnessed by between 20,000 and 30,000 people. Prizes are offered for instrumentalists on harp, piano, etc., and also for solos, quartets and choir singing, which are very numerously competed for. Twenty-four parties entered for one of the quartet competitions, and there are always a large number of entries for the great choral competition, which is one of the most attractive features of this congress of musicians. The chief prize at Swansea was £200, with a baton valued at seventy pounds.

Another very large open air concert is that given annually on the garrison recreation grounds at Portsmouth by the massed bands of the garrison, with no fewer than 150 performers, and frequently a larger number. The Tannahill concerts, which used to be held on the braes of Gleniffer, near Paisley, every year, attracted greater crowds than any other open air concerts ever held in Scotland.—London Tit-Bits.

American Appreciation.

A story is going the rounds in regard to an American undergraduate at Cambridge, England, who had given him to criticise at an examination, as a masterpiece of English literature, a passage he had never before seen. He afterward told a friend that it seemed to be "by some American," and he was informed that it was from Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It was sufficiently remarkable that this address, written hastily on the backs of envelopes as the weary president was traveling toward Gettysburg, should have been set for examination at an English university; but the really remarkable thing is that any American boy should have been brought up in ignorance of it.

In the same way it was never fully understood in this nation, and never so much as dreamed in England, that Lowell was really the foremost man of letters in either country, until the mere accident of a few years' residence in London made manifest what we all ought to have known just as well without that. —T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

The Timid Young Lady.

It is one of the unfortunate features of our social life that young persons are not allowed to act in a simple and natural manner. The young woman is expected to be very reserved and to disclaim any special interest in young men, under penalty of being called "forward" or "bold," and of being thought to be trying to attract attention. In all cases it is much the better way to be outspoken and frank, rather than so shy as to appear awkward and be misunderstood.

No man who is worth knowing would respect a lady less for a straightforward, frank invitation to call. There are many very silly ideas in the world, but the most silly of all is that which some semibrainless men get into their heads when they fancy that all of the girls are running after them. Such vanity is an indication of very little sense.—Philadelphia Times.

An Imitation Sealskin.

An English inventor is bringing out a new fabric in imitation of sealskin. A special machine is employed for knitting a double cloth with pile between, the latter being cut continuous as the double pieces are being knitted in order to separate them. Wool, cotton or other yarns are used to form the foundation, and for the pile silk, mohair or combination yarns of fine fibrous materials. After the cutting operation which separates the two pieces has been effected, the piled face of each fabric undergoes a cutting or shearing process for taking out the unevenness of the pile, and afterward it is scoured or milled, and then dyed, stained, tinted and lacquered to produce the required color and luster.—Cloak Review.

The Elements of a Novel.

A young woman who has a kindergarten in Avenue C has a practice of telling the children stories. One day she called for a return of the favor, whereupon a small girl began in a whisper: "Once there was a father and a mother, and the mother got sick, and she said, 'Be good to me, I'm sick.' And she kept on being sick, and they died in each other's arms." Certainly, for brevity and breadth, this laconic tragedy could hardly have been better put. In these thirty-five words there are elements enough for a three column tale.—New York Times.

GUNBOAT JUSTICE.

Teaching South Sea Natives That It Is Costly to Kill and Eat White Men.

The Solomon islanders, who inhabit a beautiful archipelago stretching for 500 miles parallel with the northeast coast of New Guinea, have earned the reputation of being among the wildest and most untamable of savages. It is only within a few years that the missionaries have attempted to work among them. Before the natives grew accustomed to the sight of trading vessels it was as much as a man's life was worth to venture on shore, and the islanders were left pretty much to themselves until six or seven years ago, when England and Germany divided the islands between them, and then looked around to see if they were really worth dividing. Since then a number of traders and missionaries have built stations on the islands and persistently wooed the natives to barter and prayer. The coy and suspicious creatures, however, have distrusted the good intentions of the strangers, and as they are confirmed head hunters they have lost no opportunity to lop off the head of a white man whenever they caught him alone.

The British Government decided to keep a war vessel in the neighborhood and teach the natives better than to eat missionaries and to adorn tabu houses with the skulls of traders. So her majesty's ship Rapid has done a lively business inflicting gunboat justice upon villages indulging in cannibal feasts, with white men as the most tempting delicacy on the bill of fare.

When the captain of the Rapid made his last report he had just executed a native for the murder of Mr. Duval, a white trader. The crime occurred in Mott bay, among the southern islands of the group. One day, soon after the murder, the Rapid anchored in the bay and sent word to the chief that unless the murderer of Mr. Duval was delivered within two hours the village would be shelled. The Solomon islanders have had considerable experience of this sort, and the chief knew just what to expect. The chief and one of his men promptly set off in a canoe for the warship, having in charge a native, whom they delivered up as the murderer of Mr. Duval.

The accused man made a full confession of his crime. The captain of the Rapid made a careful investigation, convinced himself that the prisoner was the culprit he was after, and sentenced him to be shot at 8 o'clock next morning at the village where the murder had occurred.

At daybreak next morning a solemn procession of boats went ashore carrying the prisoner. It was thought that the treacherous natives might be ill mannered enough to attempt to interfere with the programme. A line of seamen was therefore extended around the part of the village facing the woods to guard against surprise. The prisoner was led ashore and tied to a tree. He was very calm, observed all the preparations without a tremor and did not utter a word even when he was blindfolded. Several hundred natives grouped themselves around the place of execution, looking on in awed silence.

A firing party of ten marines was told off, marched up in front of the condemned savage and loaded their rifles. The color sergeant gave the command, "Present!" and then, after a moment's silence, came the word, "Fire!" and then the ten rifles blazed away. The murder of the white man had been avenged. The doctor pronounced the victim dead, and the ten marines marched back to their boat, leaving the body for the natives to bury. Such lessons as this will impress the natives, if anything will, that it is better all around to let white men live than to kill and eat them.—New York Sun.

A Rotary Steam Cloth Press.

Important advantages are claimed for a rotary steam cloth press invented by a veteran machine builder, the improvement consisting of a novel arrangement of the pressers which insures a largely increased amount of pressing surface. The apparatus utilizes nearly the entire surface of the greatly enlarged main cylinder as a pressing surface by means of a series of small pressers, some ten in all, these being ranged about the periphery of the cylinder, and are capable of operation at any degree of pressure that may be required. Thus a very powerful pressure may be applied when necessary, much greater, it is claimed, than can be obtained by the ordinary device with the double presser. By means of such a mechanism the wear and tear upon the cloth is largely diminished.—New York Sun.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

The bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn over the East river from Park row, New York, to Sands and Washington streets, Brooklyn, was begun Jan. 2, 1870, and opened to traffic May 24, 1883. The cost of the bridge was over $15,000,000. The following are the statistics of the structure: Width of bridge, 85 feet; length of river span, 1,595 feet 6 inches; length of each land span, 930 feet; length of Brooklyn approach, 971 feet; length of New York approach, 1,562 feet 6 inches; total length of carriageway, 5,989 feet; total length of the bridge, with extensions, 6,537 feet. The whole number of car passengers during the year ending Dec. 1, 1891, was 39,766,043; whole number of foot and car passengers, 41,268,370.

Engraving Is a Very Old Art.

The father of Pythagoras was a celebrated engraver of gems, and according to classical history both Helen and Ulysses wore engraved rings. Engraving on semiprecious stones was an art at a very remote age. The British museum proudly boasts the possession of a small square of yellow jasper bearing the figure of a horse and the name and titles of Amenophis II, believed to date back to about the year 1450 B. C. The very finest specimen of engraved gem now in existence is a head of Nero, carved on a first water diamond by the brothers Castanzi in the year 1790 A. D.—St. Louis Republic.

THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION.

A Negro Who Understood It Only After He Had Been Up in a Balloon.

About two years ago I was billed for a balloon ascension in a Louisiana town. I was to go up and at a height of 2,500 feet I was to make the leap with my parachute, so as such an event attracted no little attention in the town I thought I would see if any person had nerve enough to go along and ride my balloon down. It is not necessary for a person to do this with a hot air bag (which mine was), for the moment you leave it it topples over, and of course the hot air rushes out of the neck and down comes the bag to the earth. If a man rides it down no unpleasant thing can happen, if he is cool headed and sticks where he belongs. Of course the balloon is apt to go down into a river or lake or hang up in a tree, but the rider can always get to earth safely. I never have had an accident, and I have been in this line some ten years.

Well, after considerable bluffing I got a big negro to agree to go along and ride the balloon down. I got him to do it by telling him he was afraid; that he had no pluck, and in order to be a big Ike with his color, he swore that he'd go along. He didn't realize the gravity of the situation at all.

The afternoon we were to go up was a pretty one, and thousands came to see the ascension. My companion was there all right enough, and when it was known that he had agreed to go along, the people jeered him, and said that he hadn't nerve enough. This made him furious, and he swore that he'd go and show them that he had more pluck than any white man there.

So when the time came I saw that my parachute hung all right, that my up line had been taken off so the negro wouldn't grab it and yank the balloon wide open and dash himself to pieces, and then we sat on the bar (I use a trapeze instead of a basket because of the weight), and I gave the signal to turn us loose. Up we went with a jerk, and as the earth dropped away my negro's eyes bulged out, and he spat out about a quart of tobacco juice. Now that mouthful of juice spread out like a soup plate, and it sailed down to the ground like a big brown bird.

Mr. Negro watched it and said: "Professor, does you reckon dat I'd fill up wid wind like dat if I'd drap offen dis yer bar? Hit ud be a mity bad day fer dis pore nigger if he'd hit de ground like er chunk er light wood." I told him that he'd be all right, and as we were now up about 3,000 feet I climbed down to my parachute and told him to get ready. Then that fellow looked scared, and as I hung down by my knees to kill the shock of the drop when I cut loose he yelled: "Doan' leave me up here alone, white man! Fo' de lub er Gawd, don't go an leave dis pore nigger all to hisself!" But I jerked my line and was 500 feet below him before you could bat your eye. The old parachute opened with a jerk, and then sailed down to the earth like a huge bird. There had been no breeze at all, and I came down within half a mile from where I started.

The crowd had rushed to help me if I should need help, and we soon secured and rolled up the parachute. Then we watched the balloon. Down it came—the negro scared nearly to death. The crowd yelled and cheered, and braced him up considerably. He struck the ground all in a heap and started to run, but some one tripped him up and he tumbled down. Before he could get up the negroes had him on their shoulders, and he was a lion, I can tell you. We passed the hat around and got thirty dollars for him.

Well, sir, that negro actually thought himself superior to every person in the parish after that—spoiled him, did that trip.

I was back there about six months later to give another ascension, and I thought I'd get that fellow to go up, with me again. So I hunted him up, and told him what I wanted. He looked like he'd drop and said:

"Mr. Balloon Man, does ye expect I'ze an ijeot? I jest hainter gwinter to do dat fool trick no mo'."

And with that he broke out for the woods, and we couldn't find him until after I had made the jump. Then he came back into town grinning, and said:

"I'ze no fule, mister; you heah me?"—Galveston News.

An Oversensitive Maid.

"About as bad as a callous maid," said a housekeeper, "is an oversensitive one. I am sorely tried at times with my girl, who is cook and housemaid in one, and who is too capable to lose. But she bursts into tears if I even suggest a reproof or criticism. A request to salt the soup more makes her eyes red, and an intimation that the potatoes are underdone converts her into a Niobe. I've reasoned with her on this state of things only to provoke a fresh deluge, and now I've given it up. I approach her with the greatest cheerfulness and gayety, only occasionally permitting myself the small sarcasm in beginning, 'Don't cry, Mary, but your bread is not quite so good as usual this baking.' She does cry invariably, but at least she knows I am prepared for it."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

No Rest for the Villain.

A comedy scene followed the third act of a tragedy scene at a theater in an English provincial town. The villain had met his death and the curtain was lowered, but hung there suspended three feet above the stage. All efforts to lower it proved unavailing until the corpse arose from the stage and said, in sepulchral tones, as he dragged down the curtain, "No rest, even in the g-r-r-r-ave!"—Yankee Blade.

Dinner Among the Romans.

The Romans in the time of Cicero and Augustus took an early breakfast, from 3 to 4 in the morning, a luncheon at 12 or 1, and at about 3 o'clock the cœna or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. Concurrently we read of some not dining until sunset.—Chambers' Journal.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

A Bad Trait.

The absentminded writer, who, after filling a sheet of paper with what to him at least is valuable literature, tears it up without knowing what he is doing and throws the bits of paper in a waste-basket, recently brought confusion and horror into his existence by one of his "thinkless" actions. He had completed an article of several thousand words and had finished "looking it over" and making changes and corrections in it. Then he sat back and let his mind dwell on the subject upon which he had been working, and working very hard and for some time too. As he mentally reviewed the whole article his fingers began to do deadly work with the manuscript. They tore it all into the finest bits and threw them away.

Then the man got up with a sigh of content that the work was completed to his satisfaction. Not until the next day, when he went to his desk to take out the manuscript, did he discover how much his terrible vice of absentmindedness had cost him. All his labor and pains were gone in fragments of worthless paper, and the thought made him faint and sick. And yet he himself declares that there is no help for him. He considers himself a "hopeless case" and tries to make the best of a bad trait—a straying and capricious mind.—New York Tribune.

Messages by Objects.

Some years ago a white man was captured in the course of a raid made by the amazon warriors of Dahomey upon a missionary settlement. A few weeks later his anxious wife received a message, which consisted simply of a pebble, a piece of charcoal, a peppercorn, a grain of parched corn and a rag.

There was no difficulty in translating this seeming enigma of the native code. The pebble said, "I am in good health"—i. e., hard in body; the piece of charcoal signified, "But my prospects are very black and gloomy;" the peppercorn meant, "I am very anxious about the future, lest I be killed or sold into slavery;" the grain of parched corn indicated, "I have become very thin," and the scrap of rag added, "My clothing is in tatters."

Sugar means peace and love; powder and shot convey notice of war; a razor is sent to a murderer by the victim's relatives to notify him that it is expected he will kill himself for their satisfaction. Six cowrie shells signify "I love you." Such a string sent by a young man to a girl expresses a desire to form an engagement of marriage—indeed it is the recognized way of making a declaration of the tender passion in that part of the world.—Yankee Blade.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J., Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, S. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lansale, S C.; Stephen Conlev. J C.; James Kelley, J S.; [illegible] C S.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 190 W Taylor st; G E Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daniel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 503 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 35 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 2456 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 333 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Uhiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denllauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Semeo, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 506 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latna, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F M Meninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E M Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Setta, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomaetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schulte, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Reab, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 225 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 507 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R, John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolls, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Kranta, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaequet, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Kesper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 96 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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State Secretary, J. F. Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut st, Bloomington, Ill.

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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3p. m.

County Delegate, P.B.Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 220 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—J. J. Adamson, Pres, 532 W Fourteenth st; Michl Fogarty, V P; Edward Quinn, R S, 873 Ashland av; Christopher Neil, Fin Sec; Jeremiah O'Brien, Treas. Meets 1st and 4th Thursday each month at 7:30 p. m. at 188 Blue Island av.

Div. No. 2—D F Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V. P.; R. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec., Grand Crossing; A. Harmon, Fin. Sec.; Patrick J. Osullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Wm. J. Luby, Rec Sec; Wm. Hede, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month in Society Hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 931 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; Daniel Corcoran, Rec. Sec.; Peter J. Badigan, Fin. Sec.; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av, and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

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Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; D. J. Mahoney Rec. Sec.; P. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p m. cor Clark and Michigan sts.

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Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 68 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 268 Forquer st; fin sec, T. I Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts

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Artistic Auto-Suggestion.

I recollect that at the dress rehearsal of "Hamlet" M. Mounet-Sully was late. The stage was waiting. I sent to have him summoned by the call boy. He returned in a moment and told me that M. Mounet-Sully could not come down from his dressing room then because his costume was not quite ready. "What! It was finished a week ago, that costume. It was tried on and worn. It is complete and perfect." Yes, the costume was complete, but under his doublet M. Mounet-Sully wore braces, and at the last moment he had considered that he must have black ones—mourning braces—because Hamlet was dressed from head to foot in the trappings and the suits of woe. Those lower strata of costume had annoyed him. "The public would not see them, but I should see them." This was not the auto-suggestion of Talma, but the sentiment comes from the same need—the need for the artist to believe himself the character he plays, the hero he represents.—Jules Clarette in North American Review.

Tender Feet.

Summer pedestrians suffer from tender feet to a great extent, and the trouble is generally attributed to the shoes and the heat. Wide toed shoes are obtained, but after every long walk the feet are sore, and several days are required to heal them. To prevent this and to harden the feet for long walks they should be soaked in a tub of water heated as much as the flesh will endure. To every half pailful of this hot water add a piece of nitrate of potassium about the size of a small walnut. This can be obtained at any drug store. The feet should be treated to this bath about twice a week, but if considerable walking is done and the feet continue sore, the bathing should be more frequent. Women as well as men will find this useful in hot weather, and even the professional tramp would find relief from his pains in this way.—Yankee Blade.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

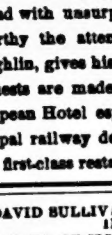
STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of John Gahan, deceased. James Wallace, Administrator of the estate of John Gahan, deceased. vs. Winifred Gahan, Michael Gahan, Thomas Gahan and John Gahan, and Peter Gahan, James Gahan, William Gahan, Mary Gahan and Margaret Gahan, minors.

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE)

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause on the Eighth (8th) day of September, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said Administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Wednesday, the Thirtieth (30th) day of November, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of John Gahan, deceased, at the time of his death in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighteen (18) and Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) in the Subdivision by the Provident Homestead Association of the North half (N ½) of the Northwest quarter (N.W. ¼) of the Southwest quarter (S.W. ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois; said Lot Eighteen (18) is improved by a frame dwelling-house; said Lot Nineteen (19) is vacant. All of said real estate will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights of widow of deceased. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to, and approved by, said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, October 24, 1892.

JAMES WALLACE,
Administrator of the Estate of John Gahan, deceased.
David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor



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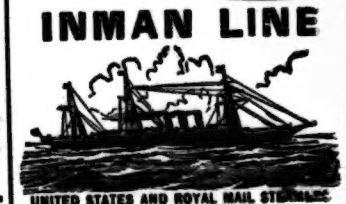

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